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LEAVING HOME.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is woe in the Courts of the Law—

The Q.C. smites his bosom
And the Serjeant rends his cope—

because of the words of doom that the Solicitor-General has spoken. He "doesn't see" why barristers and solicitors should not be amalgamated, and cease to exist as separate bodies; it is a mistake, he says, to suppose that Nature has placed an insuperable bar—the "sol." "solor," or solicitor—between the client and the man that pleads his cause. Many barristers know a great deal about law, he thinks, after all; and many solicitors could doubtless speak in court if they were given the chance. Of course, this plain speaking will bring the Reformer into evil odour; but it will not ruin him, as it would have done twenty years ago—for all that time, it seems, he has carried this awful secret locked up in his bosom. He has won one of the thirty-six prizes open to the calling of a barrister, none of which, he tells us, is less than £5000 a year, and he can snap his fingers at everybody. It was only a few weeks ago that some ignorant miscreant was complaining of the incomes made by literary men; whereas I honestly believe that there are not thirty-six persons following the profession of pure literature who are making even five hundred pounds a year. Nor is there any pretence that the solicitors are all behind the barristers in the amount of their profits. Under these circumstances, I can hardly be expected to sympathise with either of these learned bodies. But, as a student of human nature, I shall have cause indeed to grieve if the two callings are amalgamated.

There is nothing, to my mind, more agreeable than to watch the behaviour, at the social board, of a "rising" young barrister (a term also used for a horse's age and, unhappily, with much more certainty) towards a member of "the lower branch of the profession." There is no patronage (far from it), but an obvious desire to please. He singles out his inferior as an especial object for courteous behaviour, and is charmed to find himself his neighbour.

Bestle him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a "Sol" he'd quit,
Or Love's own sister, or an Earl's.

And the Solor knows all about it, and takes the incense for what it is worth. If anything comes of it, all is well; but, otherwise, the young barrister has been sometimes heard to complain of his host's conduct in having placed him, though with the most good-natured designs, by the side of "that unsatisfactory old fellow!" Vested interests have been always respected by the Law, and I do hope that, if the change foreshadowed by the Solicitor-General should take place, I shall be compensated for the loss of this social pleasure. There is something like it to be gathered from the behaviour of a young author to a critic under the same circumstances, but the literary character is more shy and retiring than the legal one, and does not offer the same sport.

A great authority upon the subject has informed the world that it takes three years to make a good bicyclist. In the first year a man is prone, it seems, to throw himself into the pursuit with too much ardour; then he begins to tire of it; but presently gets what pedestrians call their "second wind," and off he goes again. I know nothing of the second wind, but a good deal about "off he goes again." We must say this two-wheeled sag: "not be too hot upon the bicycle at first." In that particular he obeyed his instructions, and yet have never succeeded in becoming a master of the art. I don't know how long ago it is since I began to learn; but it is certainly more than three years. It was at some establishment in Piccadilly, which had a slanting floor; this was supposed to be a great advantage, because the machine went of itself, and, as the proprietor of the place asserted, "encouraged you." Nobody ever went there, that I ever heard of, except myself; but dead men tell no tales. As I rushed down that declivity, by the dim gas-light, I used to wonder whether others had attempted to perform the same reckless feat, and fallen victims to their foolhardiness. If you didn't turn the machine sharply when you arrived at the bottom you were as dead as the wall.

I had given two guineas for twelve lessons, and was bound to go through with them; but, after the first, I hired a boy, as I gave out, to instruct me, but in reality to ensure my personal safety. He ran by my side, and I clung to him, with one hand, and sometimes with both, as Mr. Winkle on the ice clung to Sam Weller. When I learnt to go alone I stationed him with his back to the wall, ostensibly to give me verbal directions; but of course it was understood that he was there to prevent a catastrophe, which, being very stout for his age, he was well fitted to do. His presence there gave me confidence, though I protest it never made me careless—no, not for a single instant—and I let myself go rather more freely than I should have done. I am sorry to have to record it, for the sake of our common nature, but, forgetful of the loyalty due to his employer—he had not one trace of that feudal feeling which was once our country's pride—he "dodged" at the critical moment, and, but for a spasm of terror which turned the handle of the vehicle, I should not now be alive to relate his treachery. The machine was shattered to fragments; but the Welsh are right, I think, in attributing a certain malevolence as well as ill-luck to some inanimate objects—in its last agonies it bit me severely in the leg. I have never been "hot upon bicycles" since then.

Mr. Ruskin has been complaining that "one of the increasing discomforts of his old age" is his not being allowed by the novelists to stay long enough with the people he likes; and that the history of all the interesting persons concludes with marriage. This is surely not quite accurate; for have we not seen Rowena after she became Lady Ivanhoe, and did not that popular favourite the "Widow Barnaby" reappear in fiction as "The Widow Married"? Of course,

however, there is a foundation for the statement; it may be also true that "the varied energies and expanding peace of wedded life would be better subjects of interest than the narrow aims, vain distresses, and passing joys of youth"; but in this case novels must be in two parts or in six volumes; and the hero and heroine would have to be changed, as completely as at the end of the pantomime, when the harlequinade begins. We may be interested in "The Belle of the Ball," but how could our interest be transferred to "Mrs. Something Rodgers"? We may be charmed with the bride; but is our admiration to endure when she becomes a mother-in-law? We may weep with the governess; but how shall we sympathise with her when she sets up a school on her own account? These ladies have lost, not, of course, their virtues, but their attractions. Their characters have become not only different but opposite. Our feelings towards them would not only have to be changed, but to be reversed. Volumes 4, 5, and 6 would appeal to quite another set of readers. It is quite possible that a novel which has nobody under middle age in it might be full of "varied energies and expanding peace"; but who would inquire for it at the circulating libraries? When a lady becomes—how shall I express it? Let me borrow a line from the poet, that hints at female married maturity: "We hope she is happy: we know she is fat." Well, after that age, she rarely reads novels; nor would men read novels concerning her. It is dreadful to anybody—and must be more so to Mr. Ruskin—to think of the laws of supply and demand having anything to do with literature; but I am afraid they have something to do with "his never being allowed to stay long enough with the people he likes" in fiction.

There is no hand with a new book in it to which men turn with a more eager expectation than to that of Robert Louis Stevenson; and as was observed to me the other day by one who has a particular knowledge of such matters, he owes this in a great measure to the critics. Of course, his claims would have been acknowledged sooner or later, but unless for their appreciation he would have waited longer for it. This is a feather in the cap of the critics of which they may well be proud; for it is not often that they score such a success. If it cannot be said that Mr. Stevenson has "run through each mode of the lyre and mastered them all," he has tried more of them than any other living writer, and in none has failed to please. I think that "Treasure Island" excites me most till I take up "Dr. Jekyll," which "makes my blood creep" up to a still higher degree in the thermometer of Sensation; then I recover myself with "An Inland Voyage," or become as happy as a child in "A Child's Garden of Verses." The last book of this author is "Memoirs and Portraits," and belongs to the essay portion of his now voluminous works. It is unnecessary to speak of what everybody has read, but there is one line in his chapter on Dogs which I hope he may not one day wish, when it is too late, had been blotted out. "I know one disrespectful dog," he writes; "he was far liker a cat." This is the most offensive and unprovoked attack upon a blameless race I ever read. I love dogs myself; not well-bred dogs, such as, being taken up by the tails by their boastful masters, never squeak; nor sporting dogs, who have no tricks, and, indoors, not very good manners; but nice, little, useless, affectionate mongrels. But I love cats still more. They have a far higher nature: if you ill-treat them, they don't cringe and fawn, as if they liked you the better for it; if you swear at them (I don't say you do, but if you do), they will swear again. They have a proper respect for themselves; and, like every human being endowed with good sense, decline to conciliate brutal people. As genuine a poet as Mr. Stevenson has stated this in immortal verse—

Men prize the heartless hound, who quits, dry eyed, his native land,
Who wags a mercenary tail and licks a tyrant hand;
The leal true cat they prize not, that, if e'er compelled to roam,
Still flies, when let out of the bag, precipitately home.

When I was young and thoughtless, there were other objects of endearment; but now, in the maturity of my intelligence, I never feel better pleased than with a cat upon my knee.

The fact of its being Lord Byron's centenary has lately given literary persons an opportunity of expressing their high opinion of the poetry of that noble bard. I shall not follow their example, because I have noticed that such partisanship only makes people who differ from it set up some opposition poet, who instantly becomes the target of the others' scorn. It is only a few people who can express their admiration for one great writer without depreciating another; and there are still fewer who dare write the truth. Mr. Darwin dared, and honestly tells us that in losing his youth he lost his taste for poetry. This is the case with about ninety-nine readers out of every hundred. The poets of our youth, or of the epoch preceding it, we continue to love; but, as we grow old, we are less and less attracted by the new aspirants to Parnassus, and the rising generation take their revenge—and a very poor one it is—by neglecting our old favourites. This is true of prose also, but in a much less marked degree. There are still, I hope, among those of our young men and maidens who are not given up to athletics and aesthetics, some readers of the Waverley Novels; but those who are well acquainted with "Childe Harold" would, I honestly believe, hardly fill a van.

It is suggested by a naval reformer that this year being the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, will be a good one for rechristening our war-ships by names with "historic memories," and doing away with those vulgar little "Bouncers" and "Grippers" and "Spankers" that disfigure our list of gun-boats. This reformer can never have gone to sea. A sailor sticks to his ship, and to the name of it, as he sticks to his guns. Who that has read Scott—not Sir Walter, but the other—can forget how "the Torches" and "the Firebrands" and "the Midges" identified themselves with their gallant barques? To those who have sailed in them they will never smell as sweet under any other

name. And, after all, what does it matter? The only instance where a crew has suffered from nomenclature was in the case of the two ships that missed finding Sir John Franklin, the failure of which expedition was always attributed to "those on the *Discovery* not being on the *Alert*." There can be no harm, and there is some appropriateness, in calling gun-boats "Wasps" and "Spitfires." Historic titles are often connected with the classics, and give persons of culture great pain through their mispronunciation by mariners. Polycrates was very fortunate till he became a figure-head, when he changed his sex and was made to rhyme with "mates"; the tresses of Ariadne, when she went to sea, were always dwelt upon, thanks to an unnecessary aspirate, as though she had no other charms; and everybody knows what a sea-change happened to the Bellerophon.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in the enjoyment of good health, takes drives nearly every day, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B., arrived on Jan. 19 at Osborne, on his return from command of the troops in Egypt, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Miss Emily Shinner had the honour of playing on the violin before her Majesty and Princess Beatrice in the evening, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room. On Sunday morning, Jan. 22, the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Rev. Canon Capel Cure officiated. On the 23rd, the Queen and her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Southampton, drove through Ryde. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby dined with her Majesty and the Royal family; and in the evening Miss Emily Shinner had the honour of again performing on the violin before her Majesty and the Royal family.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, accompanied by the guests at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present, on Sunday morning, Jan. 22, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Sandringham Park. The Rev. H. Smith, M.A., officiated, and preached the sermon.—Prince Albert Victor arrived at Barnsley on Jan. 23, and was received by Mr. Bruce Wentworth, with whom he proceeded to Wentworth Castle. Next day he was present at the Barnsley Charity Ball. The party from Wentworth Castle, which is distant about three miles from Barnsley, was received at the Townhall by a distinguished gathering.—Her Majesty's ironclad Dreadnought, with Prince George of Wales on board, has arrived and anchored at Phalerum. The King of Greece welcomed his Royal Highness, who will be a guest at the palace during his stay there.

The Duchess of Edinburgh visited her Majesty's ship *Colossus*, at Malta, on Jan. 16, in order to present a long-service and good-conduct medal to George Williams, boat-swain's mate. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh went from Coburg to Malta to spend the Christmas with the Duke and Duchess. Three days after his arrival at Malta he was attacked by chicken-pox, which kept him from all the enjoyments of the festive season. He did not recover until Jan. 10, when he was well enough to leave the island on his return to Coburg. On the very day he left the eldest three Princesses were taken with the same malady, which confined them to their rooms for a few days.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying on a visit to the Duke and Duchess at San Antonio Palace, Malta.

LEAVING HOME.

A good and modest girl, who is also pretty, leaving her home in a rural village for the first time, to enter domestic service, is in a position to appeal to the sympathy of all well-disposed minds. As she stands at the cottage-door, receiving the farewell caress of her mother, while the honest old grandfather, and the little sister bringing even her doll to say good-bye, look on sorrowfully, perhaps wondering at the change in their family life, the departure of this simple country maid, for whom the carrier's waggon is waiting, seems a touching incident of ordinary human experience. If her future mistress, some lady of rank and fortune, it may be, who has engaged her to attend the nursery, or to be trained to wait on her in the boudoir, could see the anxious faces of her parents, and feel but for a moment what these must feel, as they pray for her virtue and happiness in the new situation which may be full of moral dangers, there would surely be more thoughtful care of the young servant, without indolent indulgence, but with a determination to win her affectionate confidence, and to guide her in the path of safety. Many of the saddest tragedies that really occur in a society like ours begin with such a necessary step from guarded and innocent youth into the vanities and temptations of the world, among the careless and heartless, the loose-speaking, and too often corrupt, minions of a rich and fashionable establishment. The housekeeper, let us hope, will prove a good, wise, and motherly woman, able and willing to look after the welfare of this young creature, and to warn her against besetting perils. But the influence of the lady of the house is most important: we are happy to know that some of the noblest ladies in the land faithfully perform this duty, considering it more imperative upon them, as indeed it is, than to head the public lists of subscribers to religious and charitable institutions.

Mr. H. R. Parker, Brasenose, has been elected President of the Oxford University Boat Club.

"Bluebeard," a juvenile operetta, was given on Jan. 24 to the inmates of Brompton Consumption Hospital, greatly to their delight, by the choir boys, past and present, of St. Mark's College Chapel, under the direction of Mr. Owen Breden.

A grammar-school for girls, erected at a cost of £4500 out of funds of the Rochester Bridge Trust, was opened on Jan. 20 at Maidstone in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation and a large company, including Sir John Lubbock, M.P., a former representative of the borough. The curriculum is broad and liberal, comprising Latin, French, German, and English, history and geography, mathematics, science, drawing, and music.

In London 2688 births and 2000 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 184 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 36, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 14 from measles, 42 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 138 from whooping cough, 26 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, and 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the four preceding weeks from 357 to 579, further rose last week to 591, and exceeded the corrected average by 29.

THE DECOY-POND.

As we near the once familiar pond, a strange sense of unreality seems to seize us. We are looking on the well-remembered place. Once more it is winter, and the ice gleams dully, like a sheet of tarnished silver, under the sparse sunshine; once more we are walking along over the crisped heather and past the stiff, dead, brown bracken. But although all appears to be just as it was when we turned our backs on it—ah! how many years ago!—it is not the same; or, rather, we who gaze over the expanse of beautiful moorland have changed indeed since we last paused here: we put on our skates and glided away, gently and gracefully, over the polished surface of the decoy-pond.

It is very still here now—here on the top of the last long hill—when we stopped as we used to do to catch a distant glimpse of the flying figures, whose presence on the pond would indicate that our long walk has not been without hope of reward; and though we know that of all who once were there to greet us with a merry shout, not one is left to call out a welcome, we cannot help waiting, as of old, and look out, expectant of ghost-like forms gliding about, replacing those who were once there in flesh-and-blood reality.

It is a perfect winter scene at which we look from our eminence. The snow has drifted into tiny wreaths among the ditches and hedges; but the moorland itself is free from snow, and only looks dead, and as if it could never blossom into the purple and gold magnificence that clothes it in autumn and late spring. The dark green sombre firs, with their darker red stems, stand like sentinels all along on the left hand; and, far away, pale clouds drift over the sharp blue skies, which appear to lie low over the distant trees in Morden Wood, while a faint thread of shivering purple smoke climbs up into the still atmosphere and draws the eye to the tiny thatched brown cottage where the keeper lives his solitary life, and which is so much the colour of the heath-land that, had it not been for the smoke, we should never have seen it. Even the birds which fly out of the furze-bushes as we proceed on our walk seem to have been born in these later days, and are not as they used to be when we were always here.

Then, they flew out with startled, hurried cries, hustling and bustling away, expectant of the stones that heedless hands aimed hastily in their direction; but now, should our footsteps on the crisp ground disturb them in their retreat, they only come out from their shelter and look at us curiously, puffing out their feathers miserably, and wondering, no doubt, who we are, and what can have brought us there, so far from the haunts of men.

Melancholy as is the approach to our old playground, when we once more glide away over the ice itself, we two, where once as many dozen raced, danced, sang, and laughed madly—we feel that until now we have never realised how old we are, and how we have outlived everyone—in more senses of the word than one—never knew how really empty and deserted has become the place where once we lived.

The wee town behind us, with its ring of emerald-coated walls, its low meadows, its winding river, and its old, old square-towered church, was once replete with young and vigorous life—boys and girls hurrying on, so said the wisacres, to fill the places of those who had gone before them, and to keep up the prestige and honour of the venerable place; but there is not one left there now of all that gallant band of youths and maidens; and we only return at long intervals, or on occasions such as the skating on the decoy, to discover that, at last, the town is emptied of all whom we knew and loved, and that we are alone here where once we were only units in a grand sum total of life and energy.

Slowly, slowly we glide round the spear-bound edges of the decoy; and as the evening begins to gloom over, and the blue sky fades to grey, the sun beaming like a bright, round, crimson seal on the grey surface which surrounds it, the ghosts glide with us, and we cannot believe we are any longer alone.

Over our heads, the wild fowl which have been searching for food in the harbour begin to return to their shelter within the "little decoy"; and as we hear in the intense stillness the weird flapping of their many wings and catch the harsh notes of the drake, as he flies at the head of his wedge-like squadron, we remember almost everyone who was once here, and to whom the sight of the wild-fowl was the signal for home, and the tea which lay two and a half miles off, up a steep hill, that seemed steep indeed after six or eight hours' steady skating, with only a pause for lunch off the newest, most aromatic of cakes, and the best possible sandwiches.

One by one the ghosts return, and, wrapped in mist-like, flowing garments, whisper in our ear of how much we were once to each other—we who have crept out of their ken, and who have almost forgotten the names of our old companions. Here is one who lies asleep beyond the hills, who was the best and handsomest of all the band; while here glides away another with a shrouded face, whose promise of youth faded, and whose manhood is a thing of shame and dread; here is the ghost of the girlhood of one who is in a far distant land, wearied by duties and the strain of many children; and here, oh! saddest ghosts of all, those of dead friendships, for whom there is no resurrection, and with whom now we have nothing to say; while our own ghosts, the ghosts of our old selves, full of health, joy, and of the mere rapture of living, pass us, and turn to mock what we have become; until we can bear no more, and, with one last glimpse at the shrouded head of the pond, whence legends of a deep spot which never really froze always kept us, we take off our skates—we feel for the very last time—and begin to plough our way over the rough heather until we reach the open road, and steadily turn towards home.

By this time the weather has undergone a subtle change: the dull grey had been split and slashed by amber and saffron gleams; a little sobbing sound stirred the reeds and spears, and the air has lost the keen and cutting feel it had in the afternoon. Small drops of water hang suddenly on the bracken and furze, and the rough, broken ice lying in the deep ruts becomes moist and dirty; and then the dun mist climbs over the Purbeck Hills and clings round everything in a curious, mysterious, sudden manner, that tells us, who know every change of weather there, that the wind has gone into the south-west and that to-morrow there will be no ice on the decoy at all, and that, as we expected, we shall not skate there again.

Presently we find we have crossed the causeway, and are among the bleared, scant lights of the town itself; and here are indeed a very posse of ghosts: for there are absolutely none left living in the once familiar houses, that were as well known to us as is our own home, who would have welcomed us gladly enough, and to whom we should have looked for that food and shelter we shall find at the inn. They are all dead, or gone away; and their places are sparsely filled and their houses meagrely inhabited by those who once kept the shops in the town, or by those who have returned here after long years, with a sentimental desire to lay their bones among those which once belonged to the good folk who gave them breath and life.

Seated by the inn fire—our own old home changed out of all knowledge and fallen, as are all the others, from its high estate—we find ourselves wondering why such desolation should be in so fair and beautiful a spot. Here are the same attractions—the same chances for making a good thing out of life

that there have always been—the same houses, the same walks, and the same hills: but life has ebbed completely away from it, leaving it stranded on a lee shore, and presenting once more the problem of too little stir and life here, while in the great cities each alley is filled to repletion, each tumble-down garret has its dozen or more claimants!

A problem indeed, and one we cannot attempt to solve, and which we must be content to leave to time, and the present possession of those ghosts who now only inhabit the town and make use of the beautiful play-place—our old decoy-pond.

J. E. P.

ART BOOKS.

Old and young, we shall soon have to turn to children's books for instruction and guidance—even in those matters which, hitherto, have been kept outside the course of children's studies—*L'Art: Simples Entretiens à l'usage de la Jeunesse* (Vve. Larousse, Paris) is the title of a delightful little volume which MM. Pécaut and Baude have just brought out—holding that their talents as authors could not be devoted to a better cause than the instruction of youth. To explain in simple language and by means of striking illustrations what art is, and what part it has played in the history of the world, has been the aim of the authors. They desire also to help everyone, no matter how lowly his condition, to enjoy those works of art which in every country the State places at the service of all—for the experience of the custodians of all museums and galleries goes to show that the love of beautiful objects is to be found in every class. For old, therefore, as well as young, MM. Pécaut and Baude have done a good work, which, we trust, will ere long become better known by means of a translation into our own language; for, in spite of one or two attempts in this direction, we do not yet possess a survey of art adapted at once to the use of children and the working classes—that is, for those who are at that stage when wonder and enjoyment of the unknown are most marked. The system pursued by the authors of this little hand-book is very simple. Archaic art is passed over briefly, except so far as its specimens are handed down to us by Egypt. In Greek art, which was derived more or less directly from Egypt, sculpture and architecture have retained their pre-eminence throughout the lapse of centuries. The passing influence of Rome, and the gradual changes brought about by Byzantine and Arab thought and taste, lead up to the protracted struggle in architecture between Gothic and Romanesque, of which the cathedrals of Rheims and Poitiers, on the opposite sides of France, offer, perhaps, the most striking examples. The rising tide of the Renaissance, of which the signal may be said to have been given from Giotto's Tower at Florence, was to carry artists on a fresh wave—the study of Nature and usefulness; and how far they have fulfilled their mission this delightful volume clearly sets forth.

Amongst the annuals which have a more than passing interest, *The Year's Art* (J. S. Virtue and Co.) occupies a foremost place. By its successive improvements it has now become one of the most useful books of reference, not only for artists and amateurs in art, but for the general public which cares to know what has been done with its money and provided for its entertainment. In no other hand-book with which we are acquainted is to be found such a complete catalogue of the London art galleries and exhibitions (and we must add that of at least a third of these the existence was unknown to us); of the provincial museums and exhibitions; and of the art institutions of the Colonies and the United States. The novel feature of the present issue is the excellent reproductions from photographs of the portraits of the principal Royal Academicians. Many of these are remarkably good likenesses, and, in spite of their small size, convey a faithful idea of the originals. The catalogue of art-publications of the year is hardly so satisfactory, many books being introduced which belong to previous years (e.g., Woltmann's "History of Painting," Walford's "Greater London," Lane-Poole's "Arts of the Saracens," &c.); whilst the names of both authors and publishers require further revision. The Calendar might be made more complete by a more copious reference to the births and deaths of famous British artists; but the beginning made this year is of good augury for the future. On the other hand, the quotations—of which the appositeness does not always appear—might, we think, give place to more practical information. The date of the election of Royal Academicians is given, but no clue to their age; whilst in the case of the Associates, the date even of their admission is omitted. Considering how much the claims of seniority are regarded in advancement to the full honours, silence on this point is the more to be regretted.

With the New Year the *Revue des Musées* (19, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris) starts with full-page reproductions in phototype of four of the younger Holbein's most noteworthy works now to be found in the Munich Gallery. They comprise the portrait of a man—possibly one of the friends of Erasmus or Luther; the quaint "Presentation in the Temple," painted for the Abbey of Kaisersheim; "The Annunciation," on which the elder Holbein is said to have worked; and the magnificent "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which for brilliancy of colour stands unrivalled amongst Holbein's works. The modern school of painting is represented by three works of E. Détaillé—his portrait, his regiment, and the effects of a cannonade of grape-shot at 500 yards. This publication, which in truth is a repertory of art for the use of schools, is a marvel of clever reproduction and cheapness, of which we have no parallel in this country.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, has consented to present the prizes of the Artists' Rifles, on Saturday, Feb. 4.

At a meeting of the London School Board on Jan. 19 a letter was read from Mr. E. N. Buxton, the ex-Chairman, resigning his seat at the Board. It was, however, resolved to ask him to reconsider his decision.

We understand that Messrs. Digby and Long have undertaken the republication, in a volume, of "The Mystery of Askdale," by Miss Edith Heraud, for many years well known in the literary and dramatic world. The story has achieved popularity as a serial in the *Carlisle Express* and *Examiner*.

Lady Northwick has intimated to her agricultural tenants at Ketton, near Stamford, that, in memory of her husband, the late Lord Northwick, she will remit to them the half-year's rent which became due at Michaelmas last, and all arrears owing at that time. Her Ladyship's liberality also extends to the agricultural tenants of all her other estates.—Lord Aveland, Lord Kesteven, Lord Normanton, the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Mr. J. C. Lawrence, M.P., and other Lincolnshire landowners have intimated their willingness to supply the labourers in their districts with allotments on favourable terms.—Lord Wantage has divided some land on his estate at Orlingbury, known as Spencer's Farm, about half a mile from Broughton and a couple of miles from the town of Kettering, and has let to two applicants a little over thirty acres each, at 20s. per acre, through the intermediary operations of the Small Farms Company.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

I rejoice (on a small scale) that there has been no attempt to make an hysterical display of admiration in connection with the centenary of Byron. He has his place in English literature, but surely it is an historical, and not a vital, one; surely no living person is to-day influenced, either in imagination or in thought, by Byron's works. I know men and women who draw the spring of their social aspirations from Shelley; and others whose souls are fed by the thoughts of Wordsworth; and others who positively seriously study Shakespeare. Milton and Pope and Keats satisfy to the fullest the sense of literary form in diverse mental constitutions. But (Mr. Matthew Arnold apart—and I recognise the magnitude of the individual exception), who is there to whom Byron, whether as a thinker or as a master of the expression of human emotion, is a source of stimulation and enjoyment? And surely this indifference is right and just; a man of Byron's character and life cannot be a great poet. I do not mean to say that to be a poet a man must needs be a moral man in the ordinary sense. But the intolerably mean and scandalously cruel behaviour of Byron, as set forth most recently in Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley," to every woman who was weak enough to place her heart and her peace at his mercy, not to mention his conduct to his male friends in like case, shows that he was destitute of that company of tender sympathies and honourable scruples which (*pace the Lancet*) we call "heart." His absorption in himself and his incessant pursuit of the lowest sort of selfish ends, disabled him from thought; and his at once becoming "the fashion," a position chiefly derived from his peerage, his youth, his good looks, and his unscrupulousness, allowed him to coin money by rough and unfinished verse. Without heart, reflection, or literary art, how can Byron's works be expected to truly live? It would have been a sorry exhibition had any general homage been offered to such a man, now that the glamour cast by his peerage and his face of an Apollo has passed. Is any member of my own sex to be found to contravene this opinion?

Most of the theatrical critics, I perceive, have objected to Miss Harriett Jay's clever and interesting play, which was placed on the boards at the Vaudeville last week, on the ground of the impossibility of the central incident—viz., of the girl dressing in manly attire, and mixing for an evening in company without detection, even by her own lover. The plot in this respect, obviously, precisely follows Shakspearian precedent; and is Shakspeare to be eulogised as the greatest dramatist the world ever produced without receiving the true flattery of imitation? But, apart from fiction, there is no small accumulation of evidence that a woman *can* successfully defy detection in manly guise. Not where a pre-engaged lover is supposed, however—I grant the critics that; and surely he would be but a poor lover who neither by look, nor voice, nor that *je ne sais quoi*, which, for want of a better name, we must call magnetism, would get revealed to his perceptions the presence of "the object," in any costume or situation. But so far as the disguising dress goes, to unsuspecting and uninterested observers, there is plenty of illustration of the actual accomplishment by a woman of the part of Portia or Lady Madge Slashton. The dress-coat of civilisation is an admirable disguise for such a character, too. Portia's doctor's robe, doubtless, is the ideal garment for the masquerade; but a dress-coat being cut off at the waist, conceals better than any other form of attire could do the outline of the figure where it is a woman naturally differs most from that of a man. This is, as every artist knows, at what Leigh Hunt calls "those-never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips." But in far less suitable disguising attire than dress-coats and advocate's robes the women who played the man have been unsuspected, if, indeed, there be any truth in historic legend.

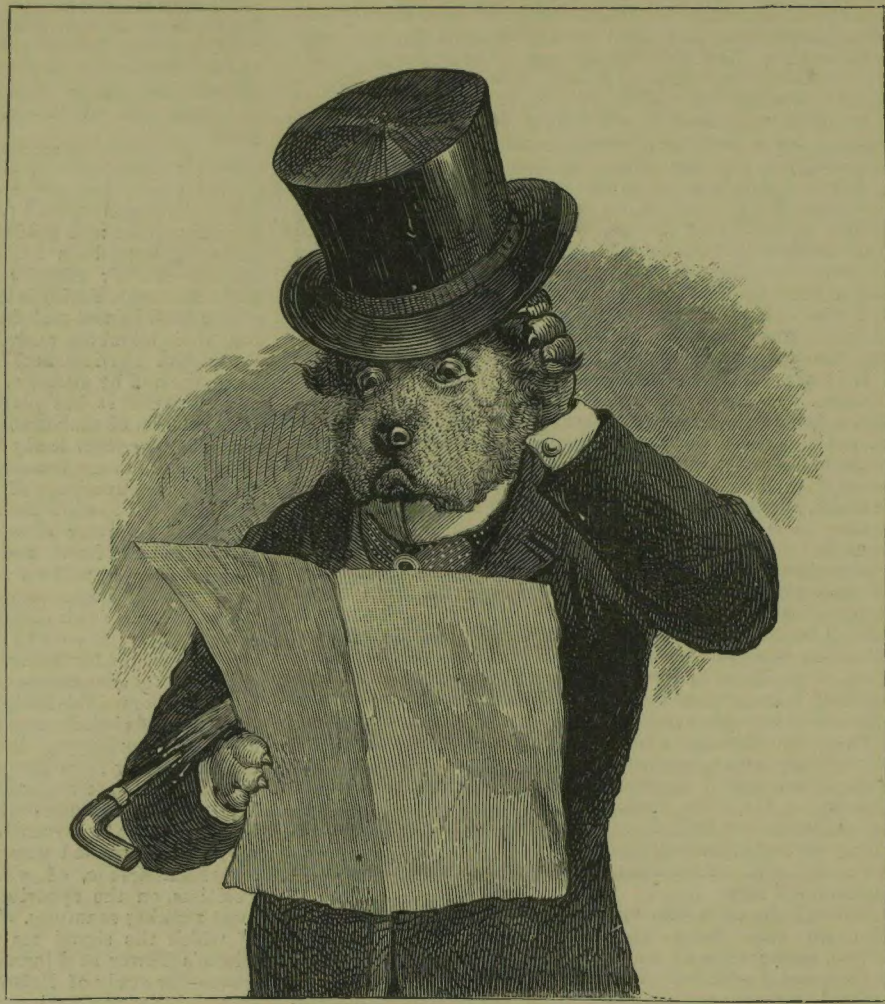
There was Hannah Snell, for instance, who enlisted in the British Army not long prior to the period of which the costume was shown in last week's *Illustrated London News* (p. 58). Hannah served in the Army, under the name of James Gray, for about a year, and then deserted in order to re-enlist as a Marine. In this capacity she served, without detection of her sex, for some twelve years; she was in several engagements, and displayed so much valour and so much spirit that, though she was at first called by her comrades "Miss Molly," in derision of her smooth cheeks, which never needed the razor, the nickname was speedily altered into "Hearty Jemmy," by which cognomen she was known throughout her warlike career. Then there was Anne Chamberlayne, who, in 1690, according to her monument in Chelsea Church, "fought valiantly, in man's clothing, against the French," on board a ship of war commanded by her own brother; whether with or without that gentleman's knowledge and consent, the epitaph sayeth not. In a Brighton churchyard is the tombstone of a woman who served in the Army during several years, and for a long time afterwards lived at Brighton in receipt of a good-service pension. It is sadly true that during the American Civil War more than one or two women were found dead on the field under a private's uniform, the disguise of which had never been penetrated. One who served as a surgeon in the United States Army during that period remained in the service afterwards, and rose to the rank of Inspector General of Hospitals; she died, in London, in the course of the last decade, having been known only as "Dr. Parry" to all her English acquaintances. Finally, not to enlarge the list further (though there are many more instances at command), there was in a more exalted station the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, who was allowed to be a girl as a baby, but was put into boy's clothes at the age of three; was, when about twenty, accredited as a woman on a secret mission from the Court of France to that of Russia; but, later, returned to the same Court as a male Envoy; and then became a Lieutenant of Dragoons as a man, and fought at the battle of Ostervich. The Chevalier actually was appointed Ambassador from the Court of France to that of Great Britain, and negotiated the treaty of peace signed in 1763; but ended her (or his?) life in female attire and character, this being made the condition on which alone Louis XVI. would continue the pension which had been granted by his Royal predecessor to the Chevalier as a man, a soldier, and a diplomatist. So now who can say that "Fascination" is an impossible comedy in its central incident?

There has been quite a crop during the last week or two of what may be described as domestic frauds. The carting away by thieves of some of Mr. Wilson Barrett's furniture, during the process of removing it from one house to another, is the most audacious; but not so likely to be repeated as the equally original notion of leaving a worthless parcel at the door of a large house and demanding a few shillings in payment for it from the servant. The most ordinary of these tricks, however, is the one against which the police have just issued a caution to ladies. An elderly woman has for some time past been making a comfortable income by calling upon ladies who have advertised for a servant, and representing that she has a daughter who is precisely suitable for the situation. When she has excited the lady's hopes and anticipations, she suddenly states that she has come from the country, and asks for a shilling or two towards her fare; she then departs, and never reappears on the scene. Scotland-yard wants to catch this ingenious thief.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



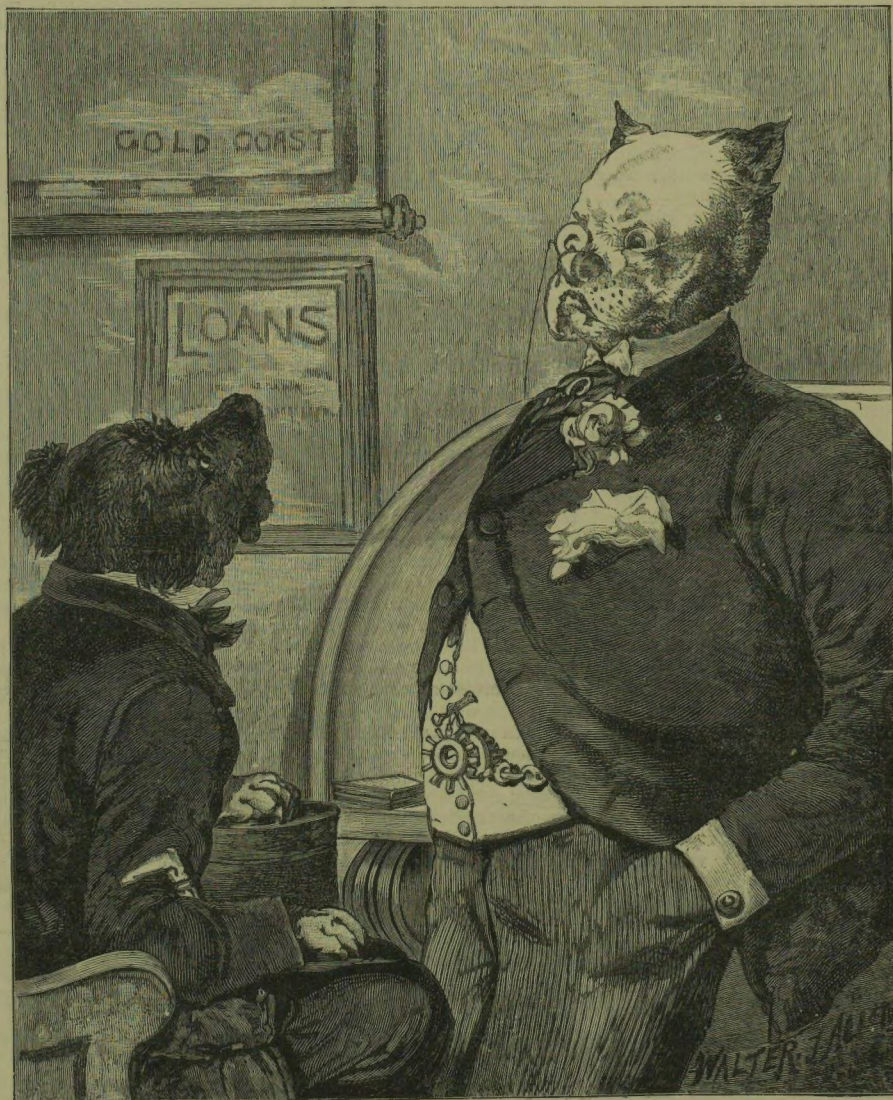
"THE FAVOURITE'S WON!"



"THE FAVOURITE'S LOST!"



HIGH AND LOW.



DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

FUNNY DOGS.

FEEDING POOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

A serious drawback on the instruction of children of the poorest class is their want of sufficient food; how can the little brains work, if the little stomachs are never filled? In the parish of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, which is said by the Bishop of London and his coadjutor, the Bishop of Bedford, to be one of the hardest cases in the metropolis, the Vicar, the Rev. Osborne Jay, attempts various good works; among these are free dinners, provided daily for about four hundred poor children attending the Board schools. The little ones are sent to school, too often half-starved and shivering with cold. The dinner-tickets are distributed by the Board-school teachers to those whom they know to be deserving. "Some children," we are told, "have no other food than what they get here. It would be impossible to exaggerate the poverty of the neighbourhood. A little girl said the other day, when dying, 'Now there will be enough for the others to eat!'" Funds are needed, or the

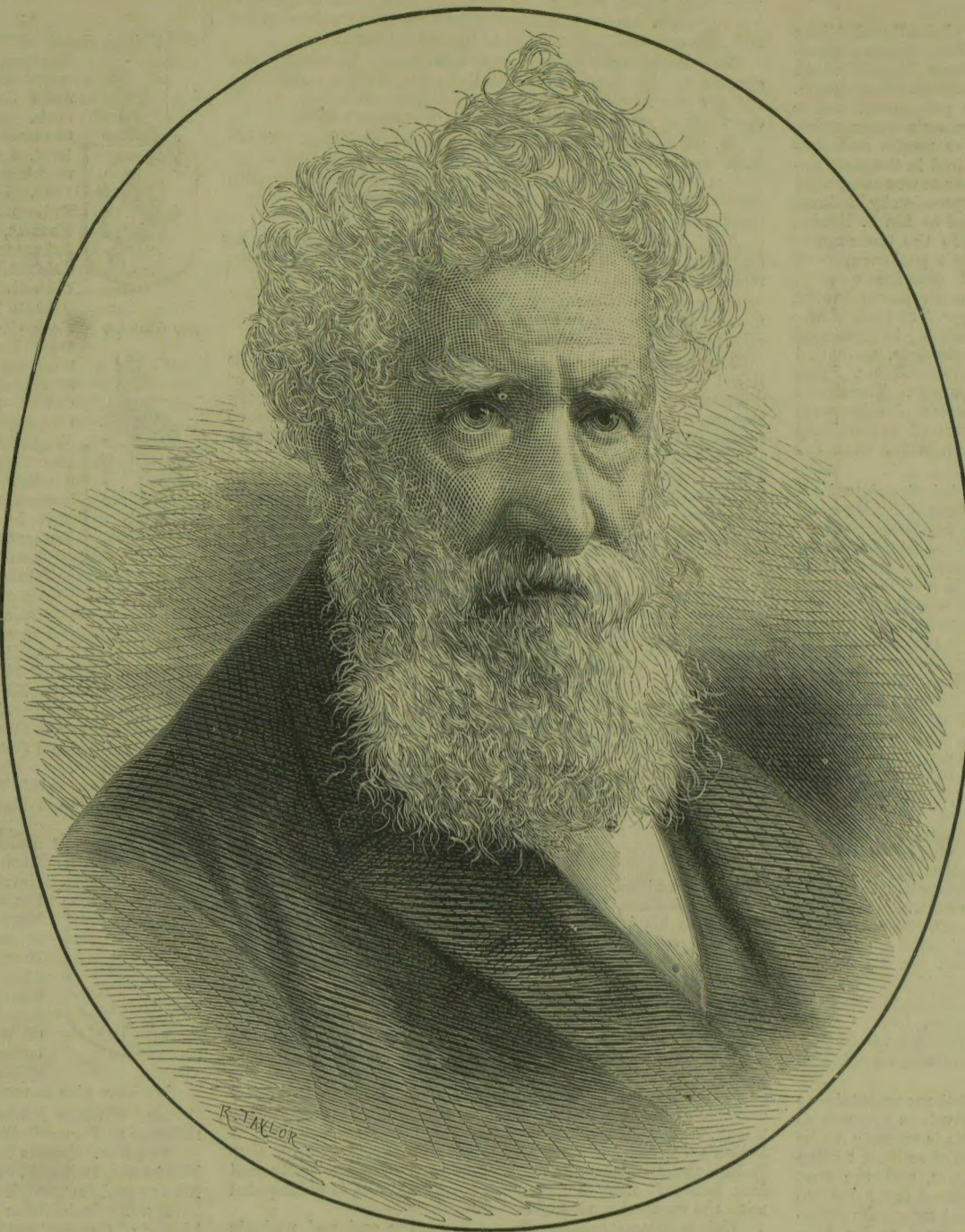
dinners must be discontinued. The Rev. Osborne Jay, Holy Trinity Vicarage, 56, Church-street, Shoreditch, will be glad of any contributions, and will show his visitors what he is doing in his parish.

The recent election at the Royal Academy, of which we announced the result in our last issue, passed off with greater unanimity than was anticipated. At the first ballot Mr. W. B. Richmond obtained an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Onslow Ford's claims were recognised with equal readiness. When, however, the third vacancy had to be filled up, it was found that Mr. Alfred Hunt stood first, closely pressed by Mr. Albert Moore, whilst behind these came three architects—Mr. Blomfield, Mr. Sedding, and Mr. Jackson—each of whom obtained nine votes. The supporters of the claims of architecture, seeing their only hope was in unity upon one candidate, withdrew the names of Messrs. Sedding and Jackson, and, by grouping their votes, were able to secure Mr. Blomfield's election.

THE TRAFALGAR-SQUARE RIOTS.

The trial of Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., and Mr. John Burns, working engineer, for riotous conduct and assault on the police in Trafalgar-square, occupied three days—Monday, Jan. 16, Tuesday, and Wednesday—at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Charles. The counsel for the Government prosecution were the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Poland; counsel for Mr. Cuninghame Graham, Mr. Asquith and Mr. French; Mr. Burns had no counsel. It will be remembered that on Sunday, Nov. 13, the holding of a meeting in Trafalgar-square, and the approach of processions to the square, had been forbidden by an order of Sir Charles Warren, Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. Several thousand police, some mounted, supported by the Life Guards and Horse Guards, were assembled to enforce this order. The processions were stopped, with some fighting, and the square was effectually defended. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a rush was made by some two hundred

men to break through the double line of police constables at the south-east corner of the square, opposite Morley's Hotel. Mr. Cuninghame Graham and Mr. Burns were foremost. Evidence was given at the trial by three superintendents of police, an inspector, several constables, and other witnesses. The constables stated that Mr. Cuninghame Graham, as well as Mr. Burns, not only pushed but struck them with his fists. Sir Charles Warren was one of the witnesses on the second day of the trial; he was not in Trafalgar-square during the riot, but he explained the motives of his order. It was stated that seventy-seven of the police were injured in the fighting at different places that day. On behalf of the defendants, Sir Edward Reed, M.P., Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. C. E. Ward, and Mr. Bennett Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph*, witnesses of the affair, stated that the police repeatedly beat Mr. Cuninghame Graham cruelly on the head with their truncheons; they did not see either him or Mr. Burns strike anybody. Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., deposed that he had held about thirty meetings in Trafalgar-square, which the police had not sought to prevent. On the third day of the trial, Mr. Asquith spoke in defence of his client, and contended that the proposed meeting in the square was a lawful assembly, and that the police had no right to prevent the defendants coming on that ground. Mr. Burns followed with a speech to the jury, and the Attorney-General replied. Mr. Justice Charles, in summing up, said the control of Trafalgar-square, as Crown property, was vested in the Government, and it was under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police for the preservation of order. There was no right to hold a public meeting in the square, or in any other thoroughfare. The crowds were becoming larger, they were composed of what was properly described as the criminal class, and they were acting in concert. Sir



THE LATE ALDERMAN SIR R. CARDEN.

Charles Warren was mainly responsible for the good order, the tranquillity, and the peace of the metropolis. If he did not take proper precautions, and riot followed, mischief ensued, and houses were wrecked, Sir Charles Warren would be blamable. The first notice set out that he had reason to fear that the public peace would be disturbed. But the issue of that notice did not constitute the meeting an unlawful meeting. It was a warning, and Sir Charles Warren was perfectly justified in issuing that notice. But that notice did not create the meeting an unlawful meeting, unless for other reasons it was unlawful. If the fears of Sir Charles Warren were well-founded, that the public peace was endangered, if his fears were bona fide, and his belief was a reasonable one, then the notice was justifiable. If the defendants came, with other people, to oppose that order by force, they were guilty of taking part in a riotous assembly. The question whether or not they struck the policemen was a minor matter. The jury, after deliberating thirty-five minutes, found both defendants guilty of participating in an unlawful assembly, but not guilty of riot, and not guilty of assaulting the police. The Judge then sentenced each of them to six weeks' imprisonment without hard labour. They took leave of their wives, who were in court, and were conveyed to Holloway Jail.

Sir A. J. Otway publicly laid the foundation-stone on Jan. 20 of the Jubilee Clock Tower, which Mr. James Willing, the principal of the firm of Willing and Co., presents to Brighton in commemoration of the fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign. The local authorities have shown their appreciation of the gift by appropriating to it the finest site in the borough, the area formed by the junction of the four principal thoroughfares in Brighton, namely, North-street, West-street, Western-road, and Queen's-road.



TRIAL OF MR. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., AND MR. JOHN BURNS, AT THE OLD BAILEY, FOR RIOTING IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

MUSIC.

The fifth concert of the seventeenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—on the evening of Jan. 19—was appropriated to a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, which had several times previously been given by that institution. The work has now been more frequently performed, and is better known than any other of its composer's productions. Nothing, therefore, need now be said as to merits and characteristics, which were again worthily realised in the performance now referred to. The music of Marguerite was sung with artistic refinement and genuine dramatic expression by Madame Nordica, that of Faust having been assigned to Mr. C. Banks, who created so favourable an impression in the tenor music of "The Messiah" in the society's New-Year's performance of the oratorio. Mr. Banks's voice is of genuine quality, especially in the upper range; a little more power in the other portion being desirable in so large a space as that of the great Kensington building; but this will probably be developed with time. Mr. Henschel, as on former occasions, gave full significance to the music of Mephistopheles, and Mr. Pyatt delivered the small amount assigned to Brander. The choral music was finely rendered, and the orchestral details were effectively realised, particularly the "Dance of Sylphs" and the "Hungarian March." Mr. Barnby conducted with his usual efficiency.

On the same date as that of the concert just referred to, the Sacred Harmonic Society performed Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" in St. James's Hall. This work had several times previously been performed by the society in its adapted shape as an English oratorio. Originally produced as an Italian Biblical opera—"Mosè in Egitto"—at Naples in 1816, it was afterwards remodelled by Rossini for the French stage, and brought out at Paris, in 1827, as "Moïse en Egypte," portions of the music having been given in one of the oratorio performances at Covent-Garden Theatre (in 1822), under the direction of Boissli, the harpist. A concoction from "Mosè" and Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was produced in dramatic form in 1832, at the same theatre. This, however, was soon interdicted by authority. An Italian opera, founded on "Mosè," was performed at the Haymarket opera house (then called the King's Theatre) in 1822, but the Biblical subject was discarded, and the title changed to "Pietro l'Eremita." "Mosè" was again produced—with an altered drama, entitled "Zora"—at our Royal Italian Opera-house, in 1850. The music is replete with melodic and harmonic beauties, and occasionally with intense dramatic power, the genius of the composer being largely apparent throughout; but much of it is in a volatile, theatrical style at variance with English notions of oratorio music. In last week's performance now referred to, as on former occasions, several pieces produced a marked impression, among them the duets, "Losing thee" (Miss A. Williams and Mr. E. Lloyd), "In Israel's camp" (Misses A. Williams and H. Wilson), and "O Fate, how tell" (Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Bridson); and the grand second finale. The other solo singers, besides those already named, were Mrs. Suter, Mr. C. H. Wade, Mr. B. Newth, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. Pierpoint. Mr. Cummings conducted efficiently.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are maintaining their interest and attraction, although novelties are not so plentiful as in some previous seasons. This is scarcely to be regretted, as few of the new productions are of sufficient value to take a permanent place in the repertoire, and the vast amount of standard works of the past is almost inexhaustible in number, and quite so in interest. The most recent novelty—Mr. J. A. Dykes's clever pianoforte trio, produced on Jan. 16—has already been noticed by us. The Saturday afternoon concert of Jan. 21 included the co-operation of Mdlle. Janotha as solo pianist and of Madame Norman-Néruda as leading and solo violinist. The first-named lady played Schumann's "Kreisleriana" with skilful execution, Madame Norman-Néruda led Beethoven's string quintet in C, and Mr. Santley contributed vocal pieces, Handel's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and an air from Haydn's "Orfeo"; Chopin's pianoforte trio closed the programme. At the concert of the following Monday evening the solo pianist and leading violinist were the same as on the Saturday, Mdlle. Janotha's solos having been selected from Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin; that of Madame Norman-Néruda having been a "chaconne" of Vitali's—her solo on Jan. 21 was a sonata by Handel. The concert on Jan. 23 closed with Mozart's pianoforte trio in E major, assigned to the lady instrumentalists already named and Signor Piatti; the programme having comprised Haydn's string quartet in A (introduced at a recent concert) and vocal pieces effectively rendered by Miss C. Elliot. Mr. S. Naylor accompanied the vocal music on Jan. 21 and Mr. H. C. Deacon on Jan. 23.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall are now beyond half way in their series of sixteen performances. The tenth concert took place on Tuesday evening Jan. 24, when the programme opened with an overture entitled "Morte d'Arthur," which was given for the first time in London. It is the composition of Dr. J. F. Bridge (organist of Westminster Abbey), who has sought to illustrate Tennyson's poem in its salient features. The overture comprises a series of passages of strongly-contrasted heroic gloom, and impassioned and tender sentiment. It was finely played—conducted by its composer—and was favourably received. Another specialty was an aria composed by Beethoven, heard for the first time in England on this occasion. It is a setting of words from Goethe's "Claudine von Villa Bella" ("Mit Mädeln sich vertragen"), which has only recently been published. It is a song of marked robust character, well suited to the scene to which it belongs, and was well declaimed by Mr. Henschel. The programme included Mozart's genial orchestral "Haffner" Serenade, with the violin solo part finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda, who also gave two movements from a concerto by Vieuxtemps. The concert closed with the late Georges Bizet's characteristic orchestral suite entitled "Roma," which was given at one of the Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, and at the Crystal Palace, in 1880. The previous concert called for no comment at the time, having consisted of more or less familiar materials. Effective orchestral performances of Gade's romantic overture, "In the Highlands," Brahms's serenade in D (one of his early and most genial works), a characteristic polonaise from Rubinstein's "Bal Costume," were interspersed by Mr. E. Lloyd's fine singing of the tenor romance from Weber's "Euryanthe" and the Legend and Farewell to Elsa from Wagner's "Lohengrin," and Signor Piatti's skilful execution of the andante and finale from Molique's violoncello concerto.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have begun a new series of their interesting vocal recitals at Prince's Hall with a programme comprising arias, lieder, and ballads rendered by each of those artists, and duets for the two, selected from various schools and periods, ranging from Handel and Pergolesi to Schumann and Brahms, and including a duet composed by Mr. Henschel.

Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall continued their twenty-second season last week—as then briefly intimated—with the first evening performance of the New Year, the preceding concert (already noticed) having been given in the afternoon. The second evening concert of the

year took place during the current week, the programme having again offered a series of attractive performances, vocal and instrumental, contributed to by eminent artists.

The Burns anniversary was celebrated, as usual, by a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on Jan. 25, the programme (of a strongly national character) having included the co-operation of eminent artists, and Mr. W. Carter's choir.

M. Gustav Pradeau's second Schumann recital at Prince's Hall was announced for Jan. 24. We noticed last week the first of these performances. The second programme included the sonata in G minor, Op. 22, the "Faschingswank aus Wien," Op. 26, and some smaller pieces.

The excellent young English pianist, Miss Fanny Davies (worthy pupil of Madame Schumann), announces an afternoon recital at Prince's Hall on Feb. 1.

Herr Bonawitz's fourth historical recital of ancient and modern harpsichord and pianoforte music was announced to take place at the Portman Rooms on Jan. 27.

The Carl Rosa opera company has been producing at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, an English version of "Masaniello," Auber's masterpiece in serious opera. The work was made familiar to London audiences during several seasons by the Italian version produced at the Royal Italian Opera House, but has been too little heard for some years past. Its efficient production and warm reception at Liverpool will doubtless render it a permanent attraction during the present and future seasons of the Carl Rosa opera company in the provinces. It is to be hoped that it may be heard under similar conditions in London.

It is stated that Mr. Augustus Harris has completed arrangements for an Italian Opera season (of about eight weeks) at Covent-Garden Theatre, beginning in the middle of next May. Those who remember the splendour with which Italian opera was mounted by Mr. Harris at Drury-Lane Theatre last year may reckon on performances of similar importance in the scheme now in contemplation.

The death is recorded of Mr. Chaplin Henry, an estimable bass vocalist, who was frequently associated with oratorio and concert performances.

The death is announced from Florence of Signor Fancelli, the tenor, who for many seasons occupied a prominent position in Italian opera, both in this country and abroad.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The sudden attack of gout that has kept the indefatigable and genial comedian, J. L. Toole, in bed, and has caused so much anxiety to his many friends, has necessarily interfered with the rehearsals of the new play, "Our College," written by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale, to succeed "The Butler"; and Mr. Toole had intended, if all were well, to revive a capital old burlesque called "Perdita," a skit by William Brough on "The Winter's Tale," that was produced years ago at the Lyceum Theatre under Charles Dillon's management, at the time that Mr. Toole and pretty little Marie Wilton made their first appearance before a London audience. It may be that the illness of the presiding genius of Toole's Theatre will hinder our renewing our acquaintance with "Perdita"; but, be that as it may, we shall doubtless soon hear all about the period of Charles Dillon's management, and the joint first appearance of Miss Wilton and Mr. Toole, in the book of reminiscences by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft that is soon to be published, and is anticipated with the greatest curiosity and interest.

Unless rumour is altogether at fault, the series of revivals at the St. James's Theatre, that has started so well with "A Scrap of Paper," will be interrupted by the reproduction of Lovell's old play, "A Wife's Secret," that has not been seen on the English stage since the days of Charles Kean at the Princess's. It is an effective, but not wholly interesting work, written in pretentious, bombastic rhetoric of the school of Sheridan Knowles that our forefathers used to weep over and pretend it was poetry. The story of "A Wife's Secret" is as old as the hills. An honourable and pure wife has concealed from her jealous husband the fact that she, an ardent Royalist, has a Cromwellian brother. After the battle of Naseby, she conceals this brother, whose life is in danger; and Sir Amyas Leigh, the husband, is persuaded that his wife is sheltering her lover. The play never made any very strong mark, even in the palmy days of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean; but it is possible that, brilliantly mounted—as it is sure to be—some new excitement will come from the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. There is a good comic part, and many hope that Mr. Hare will take it.

A little comedietta, "Why Women Weep," recently produced at the Criterion, ought to succeed, if only for the admirable acting of Mr. George Giddens in the character of a German waiter. This young actor is a most observant artist, careful, finished, and with a sly fund of humour peculiarly his own. He has been kept too much in the background of recent years, but he is rapidly and surely coming to the front rank. Miss Norreys, who is always telling us that she intends to devote her talent and ambition to Portias, Desdemonas, and Ophelias, has happily returned to comedy, for which she is fitted by nature and taste. She plays charmingly in "The Two Roses," and for the present she may just as well leave Shakspeare and the romantic drama alone.

The curious play "Fascination," by Miss Harriett Jay and Mr. Robert Buchanan, that created considerable interest at a recent morning performance, has been taken in hand by Mr. Thomas Thorne and produced at the Vaudeville. To some it is still attractive from its cleverness; to others vexing on account of its improbability. Some think that seriousness and extravagance will not mix better than oil and vinegar. But the play, strange as it is, is well worth seeing on account of some capital acting that it contains. First of all, nothing could be better than the Lady Madge Slashton of Miss Harriett Jay, one of the very best representatives of boys' characters on the stage. The Lady Madge in question suspects her lover of want of fealty, and follows him into fashionable and fast society dressed up as a boy. This is the true spirit of comedy; and the part is both tenderly and expressively played by Miss Jay, whose natural acting shows into forcible relief much of the farcical business by which it is surrounded. Another excellent sketch of genuine character comes from Miss Vane, who plays a woman of the world with the core of her heart pecked at by the birds of society. It is a most striking and true picture, and it is handled in the firm grasp of an artist. Mr. Thorne is capital as the shy Curate, Mr. Colley, who follows like a dog at the heels of Lady Madge; and every attention has been paid to the society pictures that form an important feature of the play. At any rate, everything has been done for it that could be done, and it is so well acted that it ought to succeed.

The tuneful and delightful "Mascotte" has been revived at the Royalty; and the music is charmingly sung by Mdlle. Mary Albert and M. Morlet, who as Pippo has created a very favourable impression indeed. Here we find French opera at its very best, shorn of its suggestiveness, and gracefully rendered in every particular. It is a refined entertainment.

OBITUARY.

SIR R. J. BUXTON, BART.

Sir Robert Jacob Buxton, third Baronet, of Shadwell Court, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., died on Jan. 20. He was born, March 13, 1829, the only son of Sir John Jacob Buxton, second Bart., by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., succeeded his father in 1842, and sat in Parliament, as Conservative member for South Norfolk, from 1871 to 1885. He had been High Sheriff in 1870. Sir Robert married, Dec. 4, 1865, Mary Augusta Harriet, only child of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Johnstone, and leaves two daughters. In default of male issue the baronetcy becomes extinct.

SIR R. W. CARDEN, BART.

Sir Robert Walter Carden, Bart., of Wimpole-street, and of Mole Lodge, Surrey, J.P. for Middlesex and Surrey, senior member of the Court of Aldermen of London, died on Jan. 19. He was born Oct. 7, 1801, the youngest son of Mr. James Carden, of Bedford-square, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Walter, of Printing House-square. At an early period of life he was a subaltern in the 82nd Foot, and afterwards became a share and stock broker in London. In 1849, he succeeded Mr. Johnson as Alderman of Dowgate Ward, and in 1850-1 was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, when he received knighthood. In 1857-8, he filled the Civic Chair, and in that year was returned M.P. for Gloucester. He retained his seat until 1859, in which year he was defeated, and remained out of Parliament until chosen for Barnstable in 1880. He finally retired in 1885. He was created a Baronet on June 14 last. Sir Robert married, Jan. 1, 1827, Pamela Elizabeth Edith, daughter of Dr. William Smith Andrews, of Richmond, and was left a widower in 1874. His eldest son, now Sir Frederick Walter Carden, second Baronet, Lieutenant-Colonel (retired) 5th Lancers, was born in 1833, and is married.

SIR H. G. HARNAGE, BART.

Sir Henry George Harnage, third Baronet, of Belswardyne, in the county of Salop, died at his seat near Much Wenlock, on Jan. 13, aged sixty. He was son and heir of Captain Sir George Harnage, R.N., and grandson of Sir George Blackman, who married, in 1791, his cousin, Mary, daughter of Colonel Henry Harnage, of Belswardyne, assumed the surname of Harnage, and was created a Baronet in 1821. The gentleman whose death we record married, Oct. 4, 1866, Elizabeth Sara Mande, daughter of the Rev. Edward Egremont, Vicar of Wroxeter, but leaves no issue. The title, consequently, becomes extinct.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Braham Robinson, late Chief Naval Constructor at Portsmouth Dockyard, on Jan. 16, aged sixty-eight.

The Rev. Thomas Gordon, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Newbattle, Dalkeith, on Jan. 12, in the seventy-first year of his age and forty-fifth of his ministry.

Mr. Frederic John Reed, of Hassness, Buttermere, High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1878; and a J.P. and D.L., lately, aged eighty. He was formerly senior partner in the firm of Reed and Sedgwick, solicitors, of London.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Fendall, formerly of the 4th Light Dragoons, an old Peninsular officer, present at the battles of Talavera, Albuera, Vittoria, and Toulouse, on Jan. 14, at Childe Oxeford, Blandford, in his ninety-fifth year.

Mr. William Henry Miles, B.A., of Ham Green, Bristol, J.P. for Somerset, a partner in the banking firm of Miles, Cave, and Co., second son of the late Sir William Miles, Bart., of Leigh Court, on Jan. 15, aged fifty-seven.

Colonel John Watson, late 14th Foot, on Jan. 17, aged eighty. He entered the Army in 1826, and served in the Crimean campaign. He had a medal with clasp and the Turkish medal.

Lady Abbott (Frances), wife of Major-General Sir Frederick Abbott, C.B., on Jan. 16, at Cheltenham. She was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, R.A., and was twice married; first to Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert De Burgh, Bengal Cavalry, and secondly to Sir Frederick Abbott.

Mr. James Spicer, J.P., D.L., senior partner of the well-known firm of Spicer and Sons, Upper Thames-street, on Jan. 24, at his residence, The Harts, Woodford, aged eighty-one. Mr. Spicer was one of the leading laymen connected with the Congregational body, and was closely associated for many years with the denomination as treasurer of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. He also held the same position to the Colonial Missionary Society until three years ago, when he resigned owing to his increasing age.

Our Portrait of the late Alderman Sir Robert Carden is from a colour-photograph by the "Electric Light" process of Mr. J. Mayall, 164, New Bond-street.

The Rotherham Market Hall, with its twenty-six shops and fifty stalls, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, Jan. 21. The damage is estimated at £12,000.

Under the presidency of the Lord Mayor a meeting was held at the Mansion House, on Jan. 24, in furtherance of the International Exhibition which is to be opened at Brussels in May, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians.

It was reported at a meeting of the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, held at the Mansion House on Jan. 23, that the total amount of last year's receipts available for distribution was £39,125; and it was recommended that £37,525 should be distributed to 107 hospitals and 50 dispensaries.

A sum of £2000 is to be expended on the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which is to be ready for the use of her Majesty by the end of March. Afterwards all parts of the vessel, except the Royal apartments, are to be fitted with the electric light.

Jan. 25 being the anniversary of Robert Burns's birthday, the directors of the Crystal Palace Company invited the children of the Royal Caledonian Asylum to the afternoon performance of the Crystal Palace pantomime "Robinson Crusoe."

An official hand-book of information relating to Canada has been issued by the Canadian Government, and has received the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It contains information suitable for intending emigrants, and for others desiring particulars about the commerce, position, and resources of the Dominion. Copies can be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, Victoria Chambers, London; or to the Canadian Government agents in Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, or Dublin.

"THE WORLD."

When Steele, the "Father of the English Essay," started the *Tatler* in 1709, the *Spectator* in 1711, and the *Guardian* in 1713, he little thought that he was the inventor of a new kind of literature, which was destined to run a successful course throughout the rest of the century. His imitators were numerous, and most of them are now forgotten. No one now-a-days reads the *Northern Tatler*, the *Political Tatler*, or the *Female Spectator*; but a few followers of Steele and Addison did some work as essayists which still retains a certain measure of vitality; and if the *Adventurer* of Hawkesworth, the *Connoisseur* of Colman and Thornton, and the *Mirror*, edited by Mackenzie, are rarely read, this is due, perhaps, more to the effects of time than to the want of merit. Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler*, while differing greatly in character from the sprightly essays of Steele—for Johnson, though full of liveliness and wit in conversation, had no lightness of touch in print—contain much in them that is of solid worth. In 1750, Miss Talbot wrote to Mrs. Carter: "I have set my whole heart on the success of the *Rambler* (what a noble paper his last, upon 'Death'!). But why does he not write now and then on the living manners of the times—the stage, the follies, the fashions? If he could get Lord Chesterfield to write one small paper for him!"

Lord Chesterfield was soon to try his hand as an essayist in a periodical that suited his style better. The *Rambler* came to an end in March, 1752; the first number of the *World* appeared in the following January. The editor was Edward Moore, who started his venture under the *nom de plume* of Adam Fitz-Adam, under which name he afterwards dedicated one of the volumes to himself, as to his best and sincerest friend. Not to have done so, he says, would have been strange, "as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection." And, after saying that he has never refused one of his "lucubrations," Fitz-Adam adds: "I confess, indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking." Moore, according to his biographer, acquired great literary fame by his "Fables for the Ladies." They are written in smooth octo-syllabic lines, and with a good moral; but a century of dust lies upon them, and of the author's poetic fame, not even an echo is now heard.

It is as editor of the *World* that Moore's name is now remembered, if not by the public, yet by men of letters. One fine piece of literature sprang out of it, for Chesterfield's paper, in No. 100, on "Johnson's Dictionary," gave rise to the memorable letter in which that manly writer declines the Earl's patronage. Chesterfield began his contributions with the eighteenth number, in which he has a satire against the importation of French fashions, and describes the family troubles caused by a journey to Paris. The account of the journey to the French metropolis is worth quoting, for it shows without much exaggeration what foreign travel was in the middle of the last century. "We had not sailed a league from Dover before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them; at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable Custom House officers took away half the few things we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris; where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us: that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty." Highly humorous is the account of the way in which the Englishman's wife and daughter are transformed into fashionable Frenchwomen, and, worst of all, says the unhappy husband and father, they brought their French tastes back to England. "My French and English servants quarrel daily and fight for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her."

A living critic has said that the imaginative literature of our time is distinctly feminine—that our poets write continually about women, and that our novelists, Anthony Trollope for example, expend the best of their ability on the same theme. It may be so, but compared with the literature of the last century there is a striking difference in the imaginative art of the present day. All our best imaginative writers take a thoroughly manly and often a lofty view of the sex. They appreciate the moral character of woman as well as her physical charms, and do not write of her, as many popular authors of the last century did, as though she were a prude or a flirt, a mere plaything for men, and the proper object of satire. "Most women have no character at all," said Pope; and his sketch of a woman of fashion, with "her puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux," was repeated in prose and verse by every literary artist who, while pretending to reform the age, wrote to amuse it. The *World* abounds with illustrations of the fashions and follies of fine ladies, and I do not think it delineates a single character really worthy of admiration. The women who figure in these pages paint their faces, and are prone, for fashion's sake, to display more of their persons than is consistent with refinement; they wear high-heeled shoes, and totter along uncertain at every step whether they will stand or fall; they twist their hair with irons, and confine it with innumerable pins, or curl it "so that it may stand a month without combing." Another fashion, like the high heels, has not been unheard of in our day, for we read of ladies who cut the hair short and so, much to the envy of the *World*, do not need curl-papers. "I had long ago discovered," says the writer, "that very few ladies of condition could spare time and attention enough from the various avocations of dress, visiting, assemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh and Vauxhall to read over a paper that contained no less than six pages in folio; but as the demand for the *World* was still very considerable, I contented myself with knowing that I was every week adorning their heads, though I could not be permitted to improve their understandings." But the new fashion destroyed this satisfaction, and the reader learns that now, many a smart footman is sent to the shop to beg that Mr. Dodsley will send his lady no more *Worlds*, "for that she has cut off her hair, and shall have no occasion for them any longer."

The lively wit of the *Tatler* is mixed with much that is genuinely pathetic, and in all that Steele writes there is a generous motive. Of the humour and wisdom of the *Spectator* it is superfluous to say anything; but in comparing the *World* with these forerunners, one sees that the tone is lower, the writers more flippant, and that, if some of the essays are brilliant, few, if any, contain those higher qualities of heart and imagination that give permanence to literature. The *World* is for idle, not for thoughtful, moments; the choicest essays of Steele and Addison can be read almost at any time with profit and delight.

J. D.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NORTH-BAC.—Do not give up No. 234 yet; when you have solved it, you will be repaid for the trouble it has given you.

H G C (South Shields).—Thanks for your letter and the inclosures. The game appears below, and the problem shall be carefully examined.

A F M (Manchester).—Marked for insertion at an early date.

S A (Leamington).—Please send the proposed solution of your problem. We do not examine problems without the author's solution.

A A (Barcelona).—Thanks: the game shall receive early attention.

J P (Dorking).—Problem next week.

PHOTEM received with thanks from G. Wilkins.

A B S (Tatford).—Received too late for this week.

AMATEUR would be glad to play a game, by correspondence, with a fairly strong player.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2281 received from An Old Lady (New Jersey), Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), of No. 2282 from S. Herbert, Mrs. Kelly, of No. 2283 from J. Brylen, W. Huxley (Geneva), J. R. M. Anderson, H. R. A. Dane John, and Henry G. King.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2284 received from W. R. Raillem, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Major Prichard, R. Tweddell, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh W. Pearson, Ben Nevis, J. Bryden, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, S. Bullen, J. A. Schmecke, R. H. Brooks, C. Barragh, G. W. Law, Thomas Clowen, R. L. Southwell, A. C. W. (Dover), Jupiter Junior, Shadforth, L. Wyman, J. R. M. Anderson, E. Casella (Paris), A. G. Bagot, W. Hillier, T. G. Ware, E. Elsbury, D. McCoy, T. Roberts, H. Wardell, E. E. H. E. Featherstone, R. Winters, Joseph Ainsworth, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), C. Oswald, Bernard Reynolds, Otto Fulder, E. Loudon, N. S. Harris, Alpha, H. Ravey, H. R. A., R. F. N. Banks, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Dane John, New Forest, and Peterhouse.

NOTE.—Correspondents will please note that this Problem cannot be solved by way of 1. K. to B 2nd or 1. P. to K. Kt 3rd. Black has a good defence, delaying the mate in each of these cases.

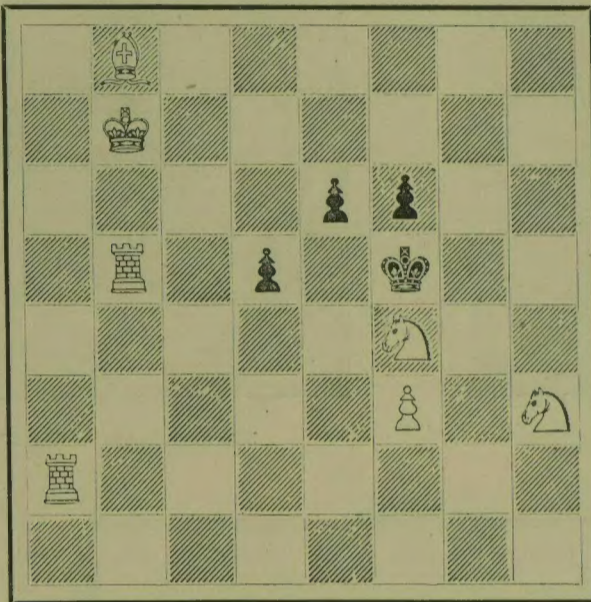
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2283.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K B 3rd K to B 2nd
2. Q to R 5th K to Q sq
3. Mates with Q.
If Black play 1. K to Q sq, White continues with 2. Q to B 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2286.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE NORTH.

Played recently at South Shields between MR. H. G. CANN and another AMATEUR.
(Greco's Counters Gambit.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9.	Kt to K Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	10. Q to R 5th (ch)	K takes Kt
	P to K 4th	11. Q takes B P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		12. P to Q Kt 3rd	
		Best. 12. Kt to Q B 3rd would be met by 12. Kt to Q 5th, winning the Queen or mating.	
3. Kt takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	12.	P to Q 4th
3. B to Q B 4th is also good in the variation Black is endeavouring to bring about.		13. B to Kt 2nd (ch)	P to Q 5th
4. Q to R 5th (ch)		14. Q to B 3rd	Q Kt to K 4th
White should here have played 4. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt, then 5. P to K 5th hitting the blot in the counter attack.			
4.	P to K Kt 3rd	15. Q to K Kt 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt P	Kt to B 3rd	16. P to K B 3rd	Kt takes K B P
6. Q to R 4th	R to K Kt sq	17. P takes Kt	
7. Kt takes B	R to Kt 5th		
8. Q to R 6th	R takes K P (ch)	17. Q takes Kt would have avoided the catastrophe that follows. Black, however, would have continued with 17. R to K B 5th, and must regain his piece with the better game.	
9. K to Q sq		17.	Q takes Q
10. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 5th	18. P takes Q	Kt to B 7th (ch)
11. Kt takes R	Q to K 2nd	19. K to B sq	R to K 8th.
and White cannot retreat the Q to K 3rd.	Q takes Kt		
	P to K 4th		

CLIFTON CHAMPION CUP TOURNEY.

Played between MESSRS. O. HUNT and N. FEDDEN.
(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. B to R 4th	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th		
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. Castles	P to K R 3rd		
7. P to K R 3rd	P to K 3rd		
8. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
9. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		
10. P to Q 4th	B takes K R P		
11. P takes B	Q takes P		
12. R to K sq	P to K 4th		

White's indifference to the weakness of his King's side is surprising. The ending is rather amusing.

In our notice, a few weeks ago, of Mr. T. H. Hopwood's sixpenny book of chess diagrams, the address of the publisher was misstated. It is T. H. Hopwood, 32, Heywood-street, Moss-side, Manchester.

Messrs. J. and W. T. Pierce have in the press and will shortly publish a work on modern chess analysis, papers, and problems. The price, to subscribers only, will be half-a-crown. Names to be sent to Mr. J. Pierce, Langley House, Dorking.

A match, twenty-one players a side, was played on Jan. 19 between the North London Club and the London Banks Club. The first named won by 10 to 4 and 7 draws.

The annual meeting of the British Chess Association was held at the rooms of the British Chess Club, on Jan. 21 last. Professor Weyte presiding on the occasion. The proposal of the Yorkshire County Club to hold an international tourney at Bradford next summer was adopted, and a sum of £250 was guaranteed for prizes. The challenge of the German Chess Association to a match with the British was accepted, the place of meeting to be either in Belgium or Holland.

The services connected with the reopening of Southwell Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury are fixed for Thursday, Feb. 2.—The Archbishop proposes to hold the Diocesan Conference this year at Canterbury on Oct. 9 and 10, instead of holding it at the usual time, in consequence of the fact that the Lambeth Conference will be sitting at Lambeth in July.

The Queen has conferred a Companionship of the Order of the Bath upon Mr. G. H. Portal, Second Secretary in her Majesty's Diplomatic Service; and a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George on Mr. J. R. Beach, attached to the Egyptian Army, in recognition of their services in connection with the recent mission to King John of Abyssinia.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. James Johnson Ellis, J.P., late of The Priory, East Farleigh, Kent, who died on Dec. 1 last, was proved on Jan. 17 by Herbert Ellis, the son, George Smith, and Hubert Monckton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £207,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the West Kent General Hospital and the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital (Maidstone); £1000 each to his half-brothers, Robinson and Alfred Ellis, and his half-sisters, Caroline and Louise Ellis; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Beatrice Margaret Maconochie, for life, and then to her children; £5000, upon trust, for his son Henry Edgar; an annuity of £500 to his wife (but such annuity is to be in satisfaction of all claims for dower or freebench), and various other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Herbert, absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1885), with two codicils (both dated Oct. 25, 1886), of Edward Frederick Burke, late of Gortmore, Dundrum, in the county of Dublin, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Eliza Jane Burke, the widow, John Burke, and John Gardner Nutting, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £192,000. The testator gives £8000 to his brother William Burke; £5000 to Mabel Trouton; £2500 each to Anita and John Burke, and other large legacies. He devises his house and land, Gortmore, Dundrum, and other real estate in the county of Dublin, and £30,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Eliza Jane Burke, for life, and then to his brother John (the testator stating that he has no children). The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother John, and then to his issue.

The will (dated April 25, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 12, 1887), of Mr. Robert Caddell, late of Harbourside, Meath, who died on Nov. 14 last, was proved on Jan. 14 by the Hon. Edward John Preston, Patrick Mathews, and John O'Hagan, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Mater Misericordia Hospital, Dublin; £50 each to the parish priests for the time being of the parishes of Stamullen and Ardcaith for the use of the poor; £25 for the repairs of the Roman Catholic church at Stamullen; £20 each to the Diocesan Seminary College, Navan, and the Roman Catholic Orphanage, Navan; and £2500 to his sister, Pauline Caddell. He devises his mansion house and demesne and all real estate in the counties of Meath, Sligo, and Roscommon, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Sophia Jerningham, for life, and at her death to his other sister, Pauline Caddell, in fee simple. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Sophia Jerningham, for life. At her death he gives annuities of £600 to Admiral Jerningham and £400 to Captain Illic Nicoll, and the ultimate residue between his grand nephews and nieces, the children of Mrs. Nicoll and Agnes Stanley Cary, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated April 20, 1883) of Mrs. Sophia Amelia Yeaman Moulton-Barrett, late of Dunstond, Bradford, Devon, who died on Sept. 13 last, was proved on Jan. 11 by Henry Moulton-Barrett, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £27,000. The testatrix, in exercise of the powers contained in her marriage settlement, leaves all her property, upon trust, for her husband, Henry Moulton-Barrett, for life, and at his death to her five children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 20, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Hughes, late of No. 108, Harley-street, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on Jan. 14, by Arthur Thomas Whatley, the nephew, the Rev. James Roy, and the Rev. Donald Cameron, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 each to his nephew, Arthur Thomas Whatley, and his niece, Mary Roy; £6000, upon trust, for Emma Frances Whatley, and his great-nephew, William Hughes Whatley; and other legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sister, Susan Whatley, absolutely.

Letters of Administration of Mr. Addison Duncan, formerly of the Island of Malta, but late of No. 12, Craven-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Nov. 28 last, a bachelor without parent, was granted on Jan. 17 to Andrew Duncan, the natural and lawful brother and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000.

The will (dated June 7, 1887) of Mrs. Susan Scorer, late of No. 101, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 6 by Alfred Scorer and Frederick Scorer, the sons, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. Subject to a few legacies and annuities, the testatrix leaves all her property to her two sons, Alfred and Frederick, in equal shares.

Mr. J. Shires Will, Q.C., M.P., has been elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Mr. F. Bailey.

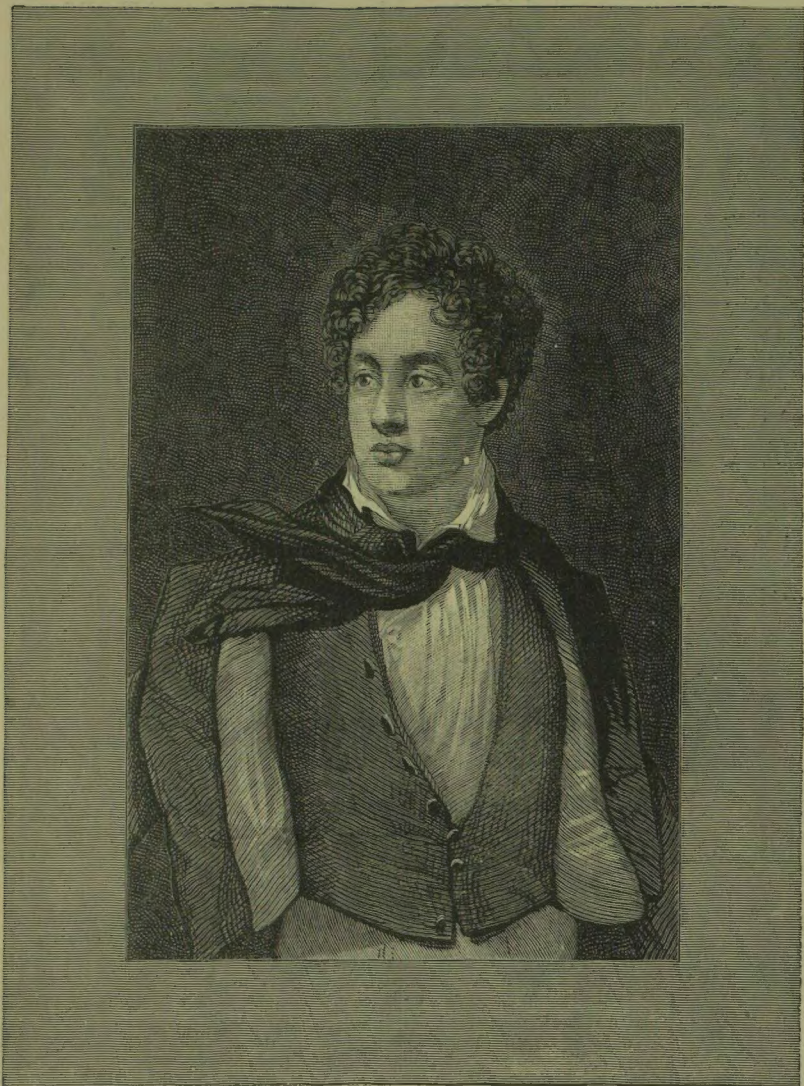
The forty-first annual general meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers will be held on Thursday, Feb. 2, and following day, at 25, Great George-street, Westminster, by permission of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers. The chair will be taken by the president, Mr. Edward H. Carbutt, at half-past seven p.m. on each evening.

Mr. William Vincent Kane, of the Irish Bar (North-east Circuit), has been appointed Judge of the Niger Territories, Africa, which are administered by a chartered company on the model of the famous East India Company. He was the recipient, in Dublin on Jan. 19, of an address and memento from his colleagues of the North-east Circuit in testimony of their esteem for him.

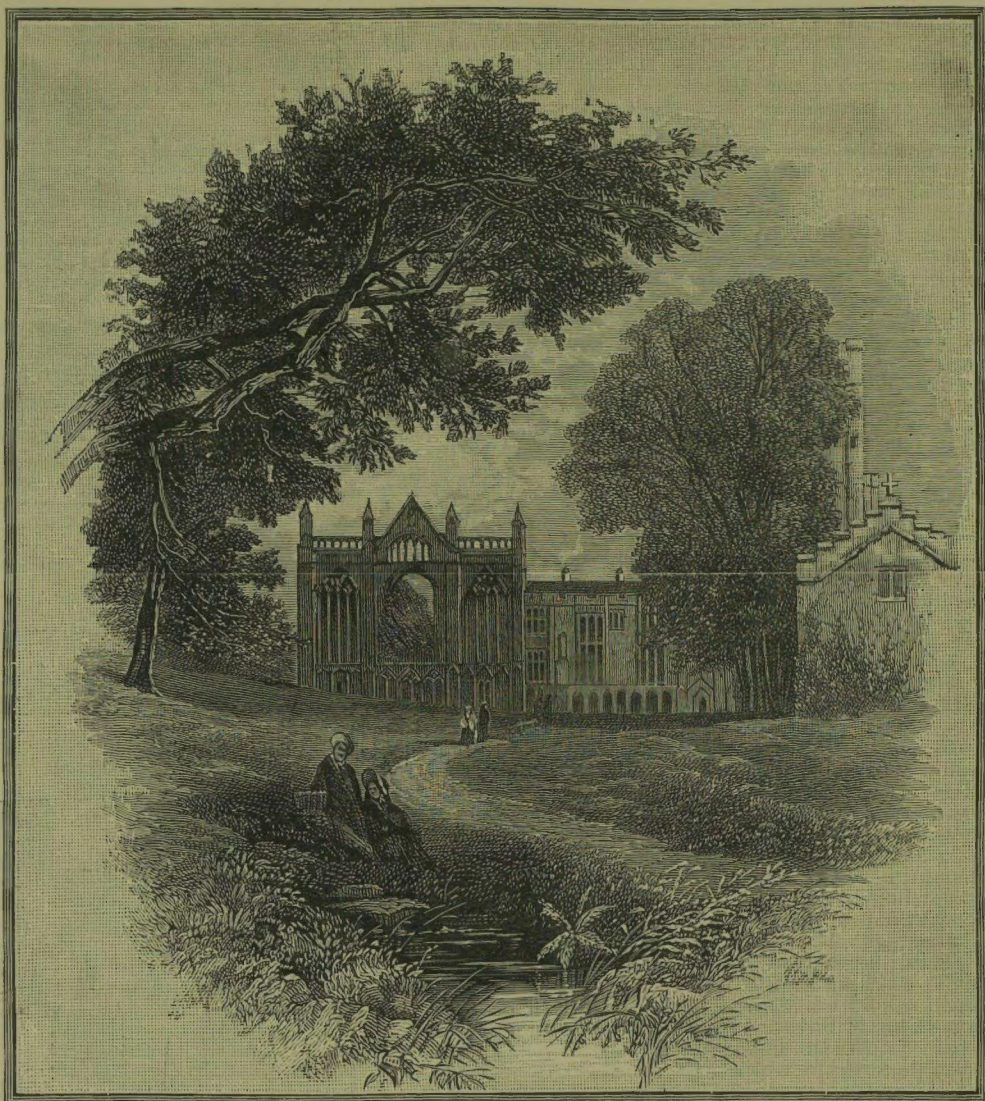
A meeting, at which the new Jubilee Cottage Hospital was handed over to the committee, was held at Wimborne on Jan. 19—Sir Richard Glyn presiding. It was stated that after the payment of all building and other expenses, amounting to about £1000, there remained a balance of £300 in hand. The meeting was preceded by a concert, the artists at which included Lady Seymour, the Earl of Mar, Lady Greathed, and Mrs. Carr Glyn. There was a large audience.

Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, having distributed, on Jan. 20, the prizes and certificates to successful students of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, spoke on the progress that education had made in this country. He considered an immense advance had been made in its catholicity and its adaptation to the requirements of the age. Education now meant a great deal more than it used to do, and one of its main objects was to impart the gift of personal independence.

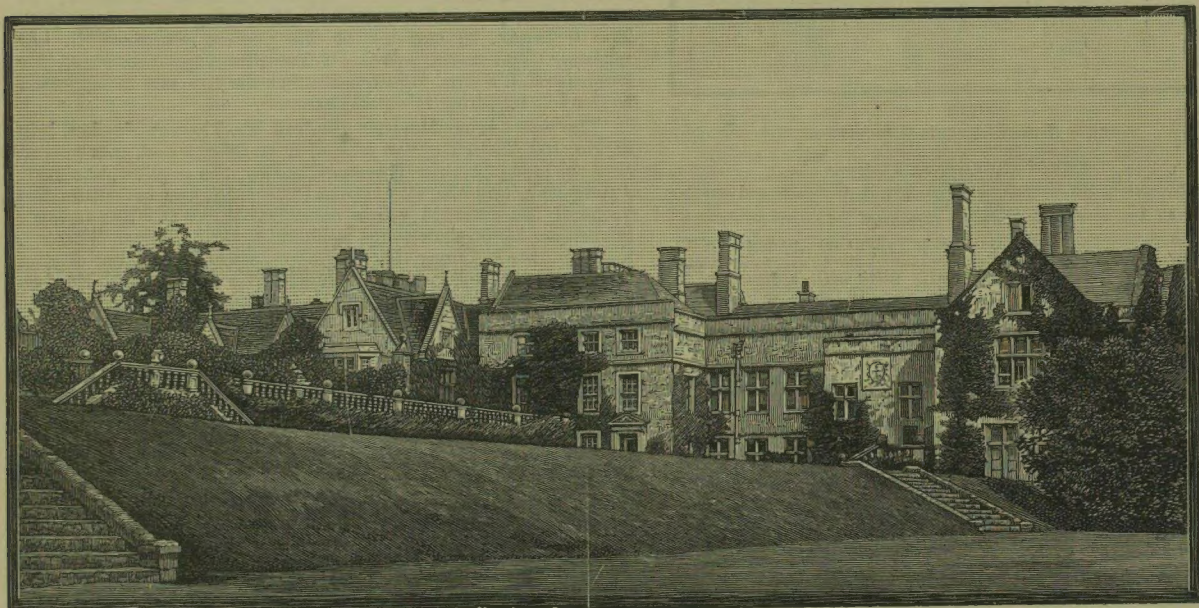
Speaking at the annual soirée of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, on Jan. 23, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., alluded to the revival in trade. He thought that the low prices of recent years had stimulated production, and that this in turn had led to an increase in the demand for goods. Periods of depression brought out weak points which should not be neglected. He called special attention to the competition of German manufacturers, who were always in closer communication than the English with their customers, and were more ready to adapt themselves to the wants of the people. He advocated, as a remedy, a better system of commercial education. Lord Brassey spoke on questions affecting India.



GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, POET.
Born Jan. 22, 1788; Died, April 19, 1824.



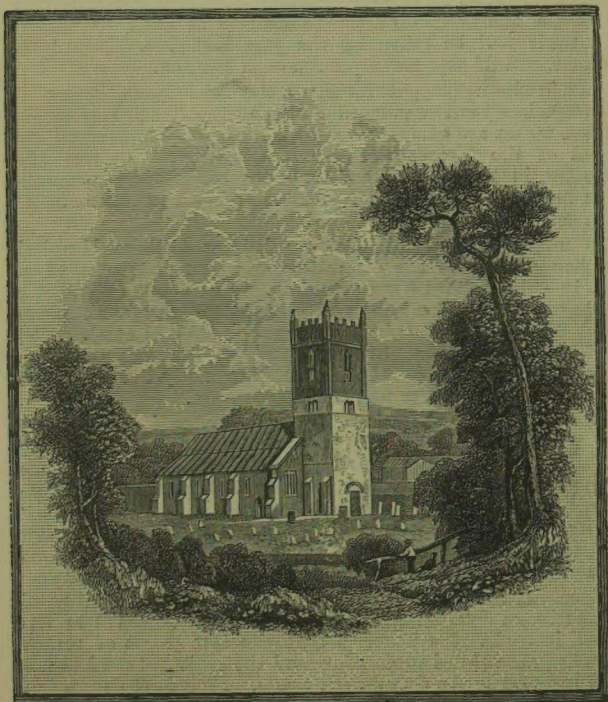
NEWSTEAD ABBEY AS IT WAS.—THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF LORD BYRON.



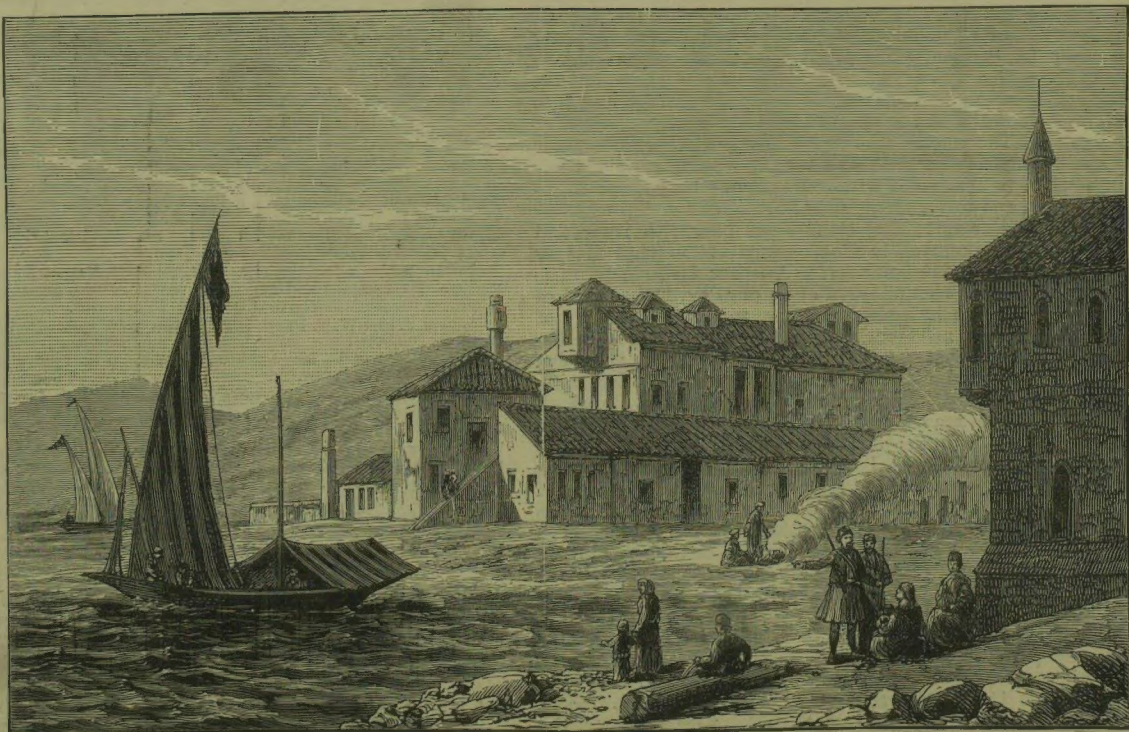
NEWSTEAD ABBEY AS IT IS.



HOUSE IN HOLLES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE,
Where Byron was Born.



HUCKNALL TORKARD CHURCH, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.
Where Byron is Buried.



MISSOLONGHI, WESTERN GREECE, WHERE BYRON DIED.

THE CENTENARY OF
BYRON.

On Sunday, Jan. 22, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord Byron was celebrated, not by the English nation, who may claim him as one of the great English poets, but by the Greeks residing in London, who assembled for a special religious service at their chapel in Moscow-road, Bayswater. The occasion was publicly remembered at Athens, where a statue of Byron is to be erected this year, and at Missolonghi, where he died, on April 19, 1824. Though Byron's personal efforts and sacrifices for the cause of Greek national independence occupied him less than a twelvemonth, and were surpassed by those of several other Englishmen, the gratitude of the Greeks for his services to their country seems to have outlived English regard for his contributions to our literature. It is not too late for us to ask, Why so? Other poetry has been since written; but who will say that Byron is not still a greater mental force, with higher powers of imagination and expression, than Tennyson or any writer of verse these sixty years past? Yet Byron has lost his hold on this generation. One of the last generation told us how, in his own youth, he once followed Byron into Murray's shop, and bought five volumes of his works for twenty-five shillings which he could ill spare, merely for the chance of standing at the counter beside the famous author, and catching in silence a look of acknowledgment. There are no such enthusiastic admirers of Byron now; but true critics admit the qualities of his genius. It has become usual to say, after Macaulay, that the striking effect of Byron's poems was due chiefly to a contemporary revolution in the intellectual habits and literary tastes of his age—a reaction against the cold formality of eighteenth-century verse-writers, who had

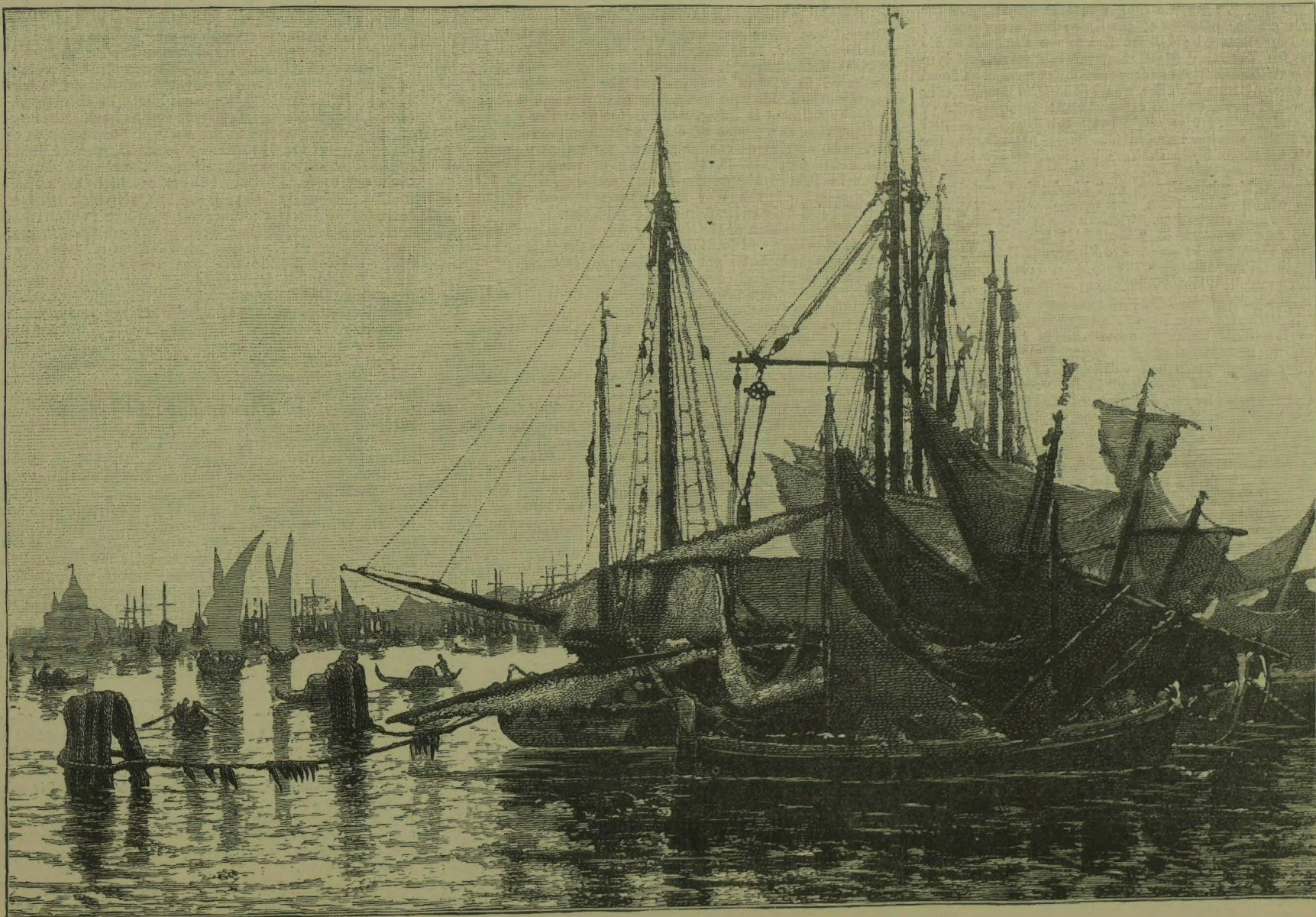
Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler had his tune by heart.

That is partly true; but Robert



THE BYRON MEMORIAL STATUE IN HYDE PARK.

Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott had preceded Byron, and had not set the popular imagination on fire to an equal extent. The genius of Byron must have been of vast power to have produced such an effect. He was not the only Lord who wrote verse; nor was he the only man of rank whose reputed faults in private life gave a fascinating touch of wildness to his fame; but he was the only poet then who could have written as he did, with a glow of passion that transfigured all objects in nature, with an intensity of vision, a mastery of vivid and kindling language, and a majesty of style that have not been excelled. He had his limitations. He was not a great dramatic poet—but who is such, in these days? He was not an epic poet—but we have no more a Milton than a Shakspeare. On the other hand, he was not a mere idyllist, a mere lyrist, a mere verbal musician, a mere rhetorician; in some of these ways he was but a clumsy artist. He felt as a man, and had splendid gifts of creative imagination, humour, wit, and fancy—above all, the command of clear, concise, and energetic speech, to persuade others to feel. If his influence has passed away, it is not because he was too much the man of his own age, but too much of an egotist; too fond of parading his own personality in the characters of his heroes, and of assuming an attitude of scornful defiance of the world. After a brief subjection to the spell of his haughty and rather affected scorn, mankind began to resent it, finding the merits of the literary idol somewhat blurred and stained by degrading personal vices, which he had not time to outlive; while the herd of imitators, in prose as well as in verse, dispelled the romantic charm of his sentiment, as Byron's superb tone and manner were supplanted by the tawdry sham-fineness of Bulwer. Nevertheless, his works contain for all time some of the finest poetical thoughts in the English language. A statue of Byron

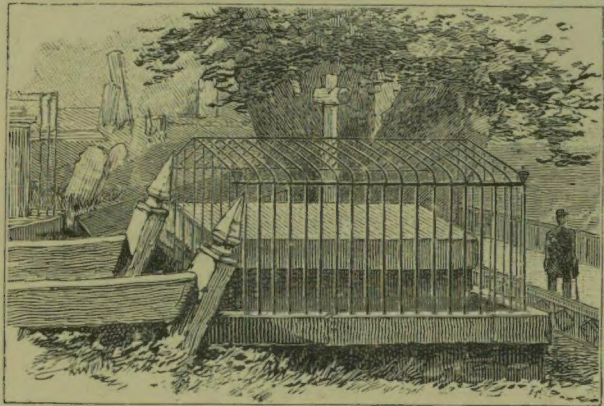


FISHING-BOATS, VENICE.

FROM A DRAWING BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

has been placed in Hyde Park, but his centenary is not celebrated by Englishmen, and few read him now, compared with those who read their Tennyson, their Browning, their Wordsworth, their Longfellow, or even their Swinburne—poets of different kinds and orders, each having his own peculiar merit and value. We venture to suggest that this exclusion is a considerable loss. Poetry ought to be read not merely for the agreeable excitement of emotions, but for the study of human feelings and motives. No poet, after Shakespeare, reveals more of this knowledge than Byron—of the heights and depths of human nature, of its spiritual longings as well as of its fierce passions and temporal despair. We take occasion to recommend a thoughtful treatise, "Byron Re-studied in his Dramas," by Mr. William Gerard (lately published by F. V. White and Co.), which gives much insight into the ethical working of the poet's mind. Those dramatic poems, "Manfred," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," "Sardanapalus," "Marino Faliero," and "The Deformed Transformed," however inartistic in composition and slovenly in their versification, convey meanings as profound as are to be discovered in Browning. We have no leisure here to pursue this subject, but Mr. Gerard's essay is worth the attention of serious readers. The proceedings of the centenary must now be related.

On the Sunday before mentioned, a hundred years after Lord Byron's birth, a panegyric was pronounced upon him at the close of the morning service in the Greek church by the Archimandrite, Dr. Dionysius Plaisas. The congregation included Prince and Princess Ghika, Madame De Novikoff, M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister, M. Demetrius, M. G. Hagopian, representing the Armenian community; Lord Wentworth and Lady Anne Blunt, grandson and granddaughter of Byron; Mr. Richard Edgcombe, and Mr. Arthur Arnold. East of the golden canopy, on which lies a copy of the Gospel bound in gold, was a table covered with gold cloth; on this lay the wreaths of bay-leaves placed on Byron's coffin by the people of Athens when the body was removed to England. At the foot of the altar steps, against one of the tall candelabra, was a gigantic wreath of lilies, arums, camellias, and white lilac, measuring five feet in length, shaped like the crowns awarded to victors in the Olympian games. This was fastened at the centre with broad silk ribbons, on which were embroidered the words:—"To Lord Byron's immortal memory. The grateful Greeks in London." At the conclusion of the service followed a special doxology by a choir, placed in a gallery screened from the sight of the congregation. The Archimandrite, standing on the altar steps (three acolytes with candles and a silver cross



BYRON'S SEAT IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

before and below him), told the incidents of the last months of the poet's life. Byron, he said, was able to do more for Greece than all her patriots of the time; but, unfortunately for him and for Greece, he did not live to see the fruit of his work. But for Byron's dedication of his life, spirit, and lyre to the cause of Greece, that country would not have been freed from the tyranny in which she was held. The Greeks, ever thankful, would never omit to celebrate the anniversaries of his birth and death. The choir sang the Greek National Hymn, and the service terminated. Soon afterwards, the wreath was taken to Hyde Park, and placed at the base of Byron's statue.

At Missolonghi, where Byron met his death, the statue of him in the centre of the town was covered with wreaths of spring flowers and evergreens. The centenary was celebrated by a grand representation of "Manfred," with Schumann's music, in the Vienna and Pesth Opera Houses. All the leading papers in Austria and Hungary, as well as in Greece, published articles on Byron's life and works.

Our Illustrations of the life of Byron comprise his Portrait, a view of Newstead Abbey, Byron's seat, as it was, and of the church at Hucknall Torkard, where he is buried, which are copied, by permission of Mr. John Murray, from the Illustrated Edition, published in 1866, of Moore's Life of Byron. The View of Newstead in its present condition is from a photograph by Mr. J. Byron, of Nottingham, which is published by Messrs. W. M. Spooner and Co., 379, Strand. The Portrait is that painted by G. Sanders, when Byron was nineteen years of age. Byron was born at the house in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, where his mother was staying while his father was living in France to escape the pursuit of creditors. In 1790 she went to live at Aberdeen, and was soon afterwards separated from her husband, Captain Byron, who died in the following year. In 1798 George Gordon Byron, then eleven years old, succeeded his grand-uncle in the Peerage. He was educated partly at the Aberdeen grammar-school, then by a private tutor at Dulwich, then for five years at Harrow, under the Rev. Dr. Drury, and finally at Trinity College, Cambridge. There is a tradition at Harrow that he used often to sit and muse alone in a well-known place at the side of the churchyard, looking over the country to the north. The events of his life in manhood and his literary career are well known. In April or May, 1823, while residing in Italy, he joined the London Committee for the assistance of the Greeks in their War of Independence, and went to Greece in July, soon proceeding to Missolonghi, which was then besieged by a Turkish army and blockaded by a Turkish naval squadron. Lord Byron spent above £9000 of his own small fortune in advancing funds to the Greeks for their military expenses, and laboured incessantly for months in their business, though he was not called upon to take an active part in the fighting. He died of fever, after a few days' illness. We give a View of Missolonghi (the Greek Mesolongion), a seaport town of 8000 inhabitants on the Gulf of Patras. It was thrice besieged in the War of Independence, in 1821, 1823, and 1826; on the last occasion, strengthened by the fortifications which Lord Byron had mainly caused to be erected, the Greek garrison made an heroic defence, and finally blew up the fort, killing themselves almost to a man, rather than surrender it to the Turks.

Mr. Herbert Gardner, M.P., has been elected President of the Essex Chamber of Agriculture.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 24.

The terrible question of the utilisation or transformation of the sewage of Paris has occupied the attention of the Chamber of Deputies during many days. One plan was to build a canal and carry the sewage down to the sea; the other, recommended by the Municipality of Paris, was to establish vast sewage farms in the environs of the capital. This project was finally adopted, and the sewage of Paris will, henceforward, be deposited at Achères over a portion of the forest of Saint Germain, the whole without any danger of pestiferous or even disagreeable consequences—at least, so the specialists say. The Chamber will now proceed to put a stop to the Communistic plans of the Municipal Council, and then to discuss the Budget of 1888. This latter debate will probably be very lengthy and detailed, for it implies a review of the whole system of taxation now in force.

Eugène Labiche, the famous playwright, member of the French Academy, has just died, of heart disease, at the age of seventy-two. Labiche made his début with a one-act vaudeville, "Monsieur de Coyllin" at the Palais Royal, in 1838; his last piece, "La Clé," was played in 1879. Between these two dates he wrote 170 plays, the best of which are to be found in the ten volumes of his works published by Calmann Lévy, with a preface by Emile Augier. Labiche achieved that most complete popular success which consists in becoming proverbial. The good things and the titles of his plays have become part of the French language; for instance, "Tout est rompu, mon gendre," "Embrassons-nous, Folleville," "Le plus heureux des trois." "In order to write a gay piece you must have a good stomach," Labiche used to say. "The seat of gaiety is the stomach." This was speaking from experience, for Labiche was always healthy, hearty, and happy, to say nothing of being wealthy. Like Regnard, he wrote to amuse himself. He was par excellence a happy man.

The death of M. Charles Edouard De Beaumont, president of the French Water-Colour Society, is also announced. He received a medal at the Salon of 1870, a medal of the second class in 1873, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour in 1877.

The new English Ambassador is being very warmly received by the leaders of Parisian society, so far as such society may be said to exist in the present state of democratic chaos. We read of nothing but dinners in honour of Lord and Lady Lytton. His Excellency gave his first reception a few days ago, and the saloons of the Embassy were crowded with diplomats, together with a sprinkling of society people and members of the English colony. The intentions of Lord Lytton were, of course, excellent; but his fête was rather dull. It was wanting in flowers, in music, in brilliant toilets, in that splendour and profusion which can alone render a reception enduring in the eyes of the *blase* Parisians, who are never over-anxious to go out where the only inducements offered are toothpicks and sandwiches. If Lord Lytton wishes to become popular and to get himself talked about, as I hear is the case, he might do well to remember his Indian experience, and at his next fête to give the Parisians a taste of Oriental magnificence. Now-a-days, Paris is so dull and tiresome, that by means of a little gaiety and luxury Lord Lytton might easily make himself the idol of the capital.

That distinguished and more or less literary body, the French Academy, is occupying a good deal of attention of late. The other day we had the reception of M. Gréard, who succeeds to the arm-chair of M. De Falloux. Now we have a triple election to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of MM. Caro, Cuvillier Fleury, and Viel-Castel. The successor of Caro will doubtless be M. Othenin d'Haussonville, whose family have a sort of hereditary seat in the Academy; while M. Claretie, novelist, historian, journalist, and, at present, administrator of the Comédie Française, will succeed Cuvillier Fleury. The other seat will be disputed by MM. De Vogüé and De Rothan. It is curious to note that no indisputably eminent literary man is amongst the candidates—a fact to be attributed to certain traditions of the Academy which are scarcely compatible with independence of pen and of thought.

An experiment is being made to train carrier-pigeons for Navy service, as a means of communication between men-of-war. The service of carrier-pigeons for military purposes is now quite considerable, there being at present in various towns in France 300 carrier-pigeon societies, which hold at the disposal of the War Department 150,000 pigeons, all classified and duly entered in special registers. A recent decision of the Court of Appeal has rendered legal the use of *patois* and local dialects before the tribunals.—It is to be remarked that since the literary resuscitation of the Provençal language, in which Mistral took the lead with his poem, "Mireio," the provincial dialects have been more and more winning their way to respect. Some years ago, a provincial was ashamed of his accent and dialect, whereas now there are a score of monthly dinners in Paris where the natives of the same region of France meet to talk over their native plains or forests, and to exchange a few words in the dialect of their native village.

From recent statistics it appears that the Parisians throw away annually more than 300,000 tons of material which is picked up by the *chiffonniers*, and sold by them for upwards of 25,000,000f. per annum. The daily commerce of the *chiffonniers* amounts to more than 70,000f., which is shared by 40,000 men, whose occupation consists in wandering about the streets at night, with a lantern in hand and a hod on their backs, and picking all kinds of scraps out of the dust-bins and the gutters. In Paris, nothing is lost.

The British Legation at Madrid having been raised to the rank of an Embassy, Sir Clare Ford has been appointed the first Ambassador. On Jan. 21 he presented his credentials to Queen Christina; and the Regent, in replying to his speech, expressed her strong desire to draw more closely together the good relations that exist between Spain and Great Britain.

The King of Italy has given a most cordial reception to Mr. J. R. Whitley, Director-General of the Italian Exhibition, to be opened in London on May 1, and expressed his expectation that it would strengthen the bonds of union between the two countries.—The difficulty which had arisen at Florence between France and Italy has been amicably arranged; and the Italian official whose entry of the French Consulate created the difficulty has been removed to another place.

The German Emperor on Jan. 20 received the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of both Houses of the Prussian Diet. He expressed his hope for the maintenance of peace, and his gratification at the success of the railway policy of the Government. The great annual festival of the Coronation and of the Orders in the gift of the Prussian Crown was celebrated at the Old Palace, Berlin, on Sunday, Jan. 22, with the accustomed pomp and ceremony.—It was attended by the Emperor and Empress, by all the Royal and other Princes and Princesses at present residing in or near Berlin, by the Crown Prince of Greece, and by the heads of the civil, military, and municipal authorities. At the banquet which followed, Prince William, by the command and in the name of the Emperor, drank

to the health of the Knights of the old and new creations.—The Crown Prince's health and throat are progressing favourably. The statement that the Villa Evelina, at San Remo, had been taken for the accommodation of Queen Victoria is declared, on good authority, to be incorrect.—A Bill has been submitted to the Federal Council authorising the conclusion of a loan for carrying out the new Military Organisation Bill.

We learn from Vienna that the first of the two Court balls of the season was given on Jan. 18 at the Hofburg, and was a most brilliant ceremonial, the wonderful variety of uniforms and national costumes making such a display as could be witnessed in no other capital.—The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has approved the Budget, by 215 to 113 votes, as a basis for its discussion in detail.

Prince Ferdinand and his mother have been received at Philippopolis with much enthusiasm. The town was illuminated on the night of their arrival.

Saturday, Jan. 21, being the birthday of Prince Nicholas, the third son of the King of Greece, a dinner was given at the palace, to which Mr. Haggard, the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Lehmann, Secretary to the Legation, Captain Digby and four other officers of her Majesty's ship Dreadnought, and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild were invited.

The United States Senate has ratified the Extradition Treaty between the United States and Holland.—Careful estimates of the loss of life during the recent blizzard in the North-West States show that 235 persons perished.

A telegram from Sydney states that the celebration of the centenary of New South Wales began there on Jan. 24, the Governors of all the Australian Colonies being present. The festivities continue for a week.

FISHING-BOATS AT VENICE.

The waters of the Lagune, with the variety of sailing and rowing craft that ply at the Adriatic gateway to Venice, and the girdle of small islands around the seaward front of that famous city, afford to the Artist—Miss Clara Montalba has abundantly proved their picturesque effects—a rich supply of materials for studies of high value, illumined by the softest and brightest sunlight, and catching the loveliest hues at morning or evening, in an atmosphere mingling the glories of the Italian with those of the Oriental sky. We have often spoken of the still majestic architectural edifices and the romantic historical memories of Venice, now happily redeemed from foreign dominion, and become one of the cherished ornaments of the free and united Kingdom of Italy; but on this occasion, a few days after the centenary of Byron, who poured out for Venice some of the noblest heart-inspired strains of poetic sympathy, grieving, as he did, seventy years ago, at her continued servitude and degradation, we may again, in spite of the abiding natural beauties of the scene, recall his passionate appeal—

Oh, Venice, Venice! when thy marble halls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!

But that disaster has been averted, and we trust that the decay of Venice has been arrested, by events which Byron could not foresee. It shall no more be said of Italy, "Victor or vanquished, thou, the slave of friend or foe!" Nor is it now to be said of the land of more ancient classic renown, where Byron laid down his life, "Greece! change thy lords; thy state is still the same!" We have lived to see their deliverance, for which Byron sighed and strove. They have not forgotten the English poet who first raised his voice for their cause.

SKETCHES IN LEWIS.

The agrarian outrages among the peasantry in the island of Lewis, in the Western Hebrides, are still regarded with anxiety for the serious troubles which those misguided people bring on themselves by resistance to the law and by violating the rights of property. A correspondent, Surgeon W. B. Leishman, of the Army Medical Staff, favours us with a few Sketches of scenes in that remote North British island. H.M.S. Jackal, which is seen lying at anchor in Loch Luirbost, an inlet of the eastern seacoast to the south of Stornoway, is the vessel that conveyed the Government Commissioners of Inquiry now engaged in direct investigation of the alleged distress among the poor "crofters." One of the cases which they examined was that of the family living in the hut, of which another Sketch presents the interior; this dwelling-place is about 20 ft. long, with no window, having light only from the door; and with no chimney, so that the smoke from a peat fire on the floor, thickly filling the hut, comes out either by the door, or through the thatch of the roof. It is said that the thatch, becoming charged with soot and with carbon from animal exhalations, when stripped off the roof makes valuable manure. The wooden box in the corner is the only bedstead, which serves for the whole family of five persons. The floor is deep in mud. At the other end is kept the live stock, which consisted, at the time, of one cow and two ducks. The croft near Ballallan is a more prosperous establishment, the owner possessing several stacks of grain, and many sheep and cows; this croft is inclosed with a "dry stane dyke." The view of Loch Erisort, looking south-west, with the snow-clad hills of Harris in the distance, is taken from the village of Ballallan. On Loch Shell is situated Eishken Lodge, the shooting-box of Mr. Platt, in whose deer-forest the rioters perpetrated their recent deer-slaying raid, for which some prisoners have been tried at Edinburgh, but have been acquitted by the jury. Near Stornoway, and close to the farm of Aignish, where the police and soldiers were stoned by the mob, lie the Hen and Chickens rocks, on which H.M.S. Lively was wrecked, with another party of Royal Commissioners of Inquiry, a very few years ago. The ruined chapel at Aignish, in the graveyard of which, it was complained, an unpopular sheep-farmer had allowed his stock to graze, contains a rather curious monument of antiquity. This is an old sepulchral slab, broken in two, with an effigy of the last chieftain of the famous race of Macleod, the former Lords of the island.

There will be a total eclipse of the moon this (Saturday) evening, Jan. 28. The first contact with the earth's shadow will be at 9.30 p.m., and the middle of the eclipse will be at 11.20 p.m.

Madame Tussaud and Sons have added to their exhibition a group especially commemorating the Pope's jubilee. Leo XIII. is represented in his white cassock and scarlet cloak and he is surrounded by the noble guard and halberdiers in the picturesque black and yellow uniforms designed by Michael Angelo.

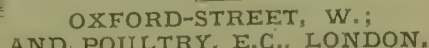
At a numerous meeting, held at York, on Jan. 21, in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home, Prince Albert Victor moved the first resolution, to the effect that a national memorial to General Gordon is a fitting tribute to his distinguished career. The Archbishop of York, the Dean of York, Sir Frederick Milner, and others were among the speakers, and a resolution was passed pledging the meeting to use its best efforts to support the Home.



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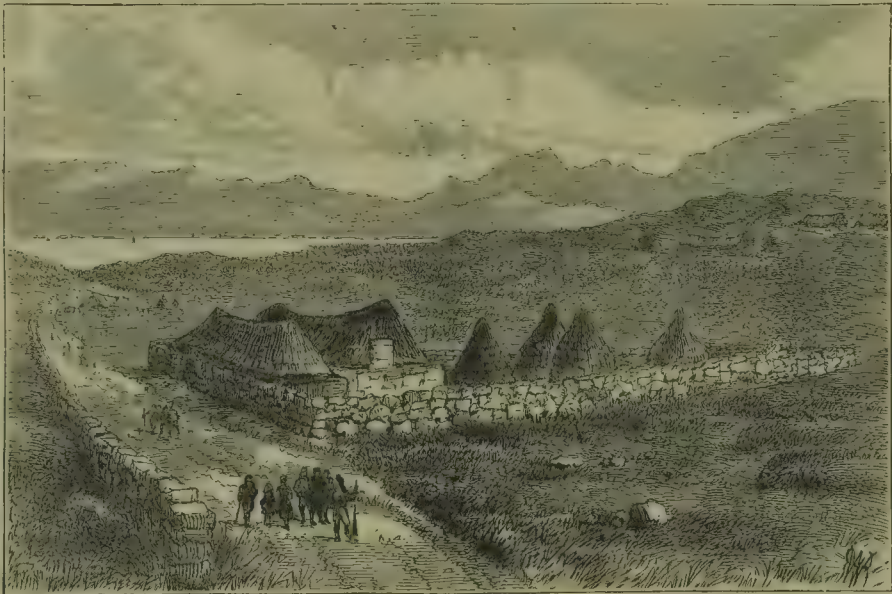
HEAD OF LOCH ERISORT.



THE HEN AND CHICKENS' ROCKS, NEAR STORNOWAY.



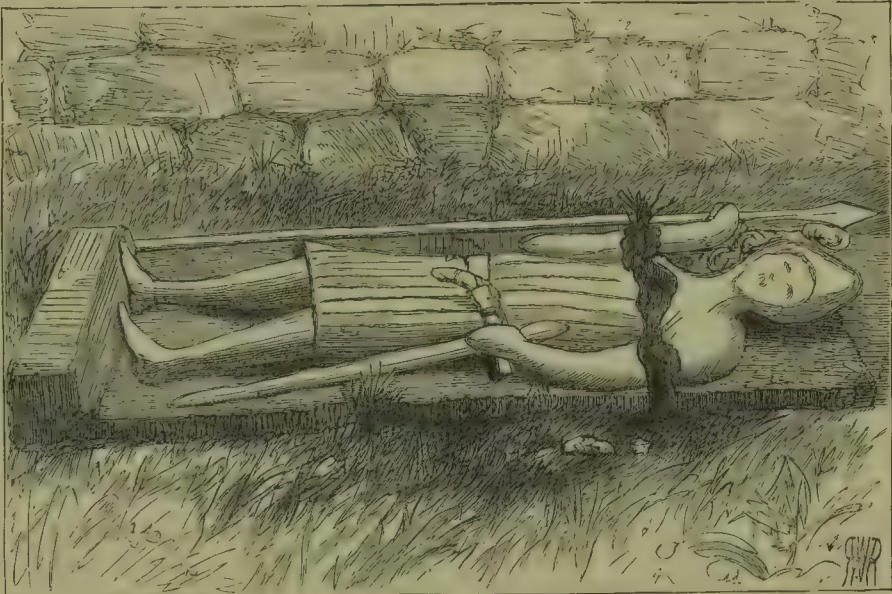
WOMEN WATCHING A CROFTERS' MEETING.



A CROFT NEAR BALLALLAN.



THE GUN-BOAT JACKAL. LOCH LUIRDOST.



MONUMENT IN THE RUINED CHAPEL AT AIGNISH.



INTERIOR OF A CROFTER'S HUT.



EISHKEN LODGE, LOCH SHELL, THE SHOOTING-BOX OF MR. PLATT.



The Cigarette Duel.
The one who blows the cigarette off the table
wins the game.



*Looking for
the Hidden Thimble.*



Throwing Cards into a Hat.



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Thought-Reading.



*Drawing-room Tennis with Japanese Fans
and Air Balloons.*

THE RECESS.

The Government appear to be well prepared for the labours of the coming Session. Their foremost spokesman of the week, Mr. Henry Matthews, gave general satisfaction when he informed the members of the Midland Conservative Club at Birmingham, on the Twenty-fourth of January, that "Her Majesty's Ministers are in excellent health." The Ninth of February is the day Parliament meets; and on the eve of the reassembling the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith entertain their supporters at the usual Ministerial dinners.

Lord Hartington, meanwhile, follows the example of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill, and braces himself for the Parliamentary struggle by a Continental holiday, safe in the knowledge that Mr. W. H. Smith confided to him the heads of the Ministerial policy for the Session.

What have Cabinet Ministers to say of the Ministerial programme? That is the most interesting point. It is always refreshing to hear the confident and energetic utterances of Mr. Goschen. Since he has given to Lord Salisbury the "blank cheque" he once laughed at intrusting to the present Prime Minister, Mr. Goschen has never lacked arrows to shoot at Mr. Gladstone. Thus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being at Hastings on Monday, the Twenty-third of January, let fly fresh shafts at his favourite target. Mr. Goschen promised a budget of useful measures would be introduced by the Government, conceived in a spirit both Conservative and Liberal. With the co-operation of their allies, the Ministry hoped to hold their own in the coming Session.

Mr. Henry Matthews, opening his Birmingham campaign the next day, was more explicit. The ruddy Home Secretary was clearly in the best of spirits. He first pungently attacked the tactics of those he stigmatised as Separatists, being especially severe upon the obstructive proceedings in the House of Commons, which compelled poor Mr. Smith last year to take part in the monotonous task of walking through the lobbies in the 425 divisions, no less than 111 hours having been thrown away in this manner. Premising that the Government intended now to have a "business-like Session," Mr. Matthews disclosed that the Ministry would introduce a Railway Rates Bill for the relief of home merchants and manufacturers; would so amend the Employers' Liability Bill as to afford

workmen fair security for reasonable compensation; would seek to protect the investing public by improving the law relating to limited liability companies (by means of which the "confidence trick" is often practised on so large and ruinous a scale); would endeavour to increase the facilities for technical education by passing the Bill dropped last year; and, finally, would "introduce such a broad and liberal scheme of local government as would enable the people of this country to manage their own affairs as the people of Birmingham managed theirs, and under which the bridges, burial-grounds, baths and wash-houses, and all those things which made up the comforts of municipal life, should be managed by the people in their own way, and under which all those grievous questions, such as public-house licenses, temperance, and the liquor traffic, should be left to the wishes and feelings of each locality."

The treatment of Mr. Blunt in his Irish prison was roundly condemned by Mr. Shaw Lefevre in a speech he made at Bradford on the same day that Mr. Matthews anticipated the Queen's Speech. The rigorous administration of what was termed the "Irish Coercion Act" was also blamed by resolution at a large meeting on the same date in the Guildhall of Cambridge, where that frail and pallid Hibernian enthusiast, Mr. John Dillon, was doubtless surprised at being received with the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow." He rewarded his applauding admirers with an earnest speech denouncing the Crimes Act. The Dublin Home Rulers, on their side, are preparing a great welcome for the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. John Morley (who has been regaining his strength at the New Forest seat of Sir William Harcourt). Whilst Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was released from Tullamore Jail on Jan. 20, Mr. S. Blane, M.P., and Father M'Fadden were arrested at Armagh for advocating the "Plan of Campaign"; and on the Twenty-third of January Mr. Cox, M.P., was taken into custody as he was entering the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing-cross, with Mr. Deasy, M.P.

Lord Charles Beresford, who resigned his post because he differed with Lord George Hamilton as to the importance of the "Intelligence Department" at the Admiralty, has been succeeded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, whose naval experience should make him a capable Junior Lord of the Admiralty.

SOME IN-DOOR GAMES.

In the days of some persons' childhood, which those persons still live to remember, even grown-up people would now and then condescend to join the boys and girls in certain in-door games which have gone out of fashion. Did not you, Sir or Madam, play at "Hunt the Slipper," at "Blind Man's Buff," or at "Magic Music," without standing on your recently arrived dignity of adult stature, when the young ones clamoured for their big brothers and sisters to share their sport? You did, for you were always good-natured; but where now is the circle of laughing folk, all whose limbs were not too stiff, equally squatting on the floor, merrily passing the hidden sandal, or lady's shoe, beneath spread skirts, from one to another, and frequently rapping with it, here or there, to the perplexity of the intending finder? Was it vulgar and indelicate? Ladies did not think so in the reign of King George. Was the groping quest of the hoodwinked performer, in another game, seeking to catch a victim who should be bound to take his turn of blindfoldedness, too dangerous for the drawing-room furniture, the light tables, the vases, the glass, the costly knickknacks of modern taste? In those days, even drawing-room furniture was tolerably solid, and elegant fragile trifles were kept in cabinets secure from harm. But there are gentler pastimes, for old and young together amusing themselves in these winter evenings, which our Artist has pleasantly illustrated. The "cigarette duel" is a contest of puffing and blowing, for which the conqueror should be rewarded, if ladies were justly inclined, by permission to smoke the cigarette, to puff and blow a fragrant refreshing cloud. A variation of the trick of thimble-rig, in which, however, it is not the pea, but the thimble itself that eludes search, appears to be the next entertainment. "Throwing cards into a hat" might be rendered as interesting as any game of chance with cards, by allowing each card of the pack its customary value, and counting so in the game. As for "thought-reading," or thought-directing, by supposed mesmeric or mediumistic influence, to the discovery of a concealed object, it is liable to be abused by collusion. The benefit of such active exercise, for girls especially, as tennis, battledore and shuttlecock, or any kind of handball play, is not to be denied. If it can be practised with light air-balls, in the day-time and not imperil the safety of things in the room, so much the better.

MARRIAGE.

On Jan. 17 at the Parish Church, Glanville, in the county of Cork, by the Rev. Canon Archdall, Captain William Worth Newenham, J.P., eldest son of the Rev. E. H. Newenham, of Coolmore, Cork, to Lillian Mand (Lillie) O'Kearney, only daughter of Hutton Bonayne O'Kearney, Esq., of Lochair, Cork.

DEATHS.

On Jan. 14, at Tyddynllan Llandrillo, Corwen, the residence of her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Wynne, Mary Wilson, of The Grove, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

On Jan. 22, at Finnebrogue, in the county of Down, Helena Anne, wife of Robert Perceval Maxwell, aged 70.

On the morning of Jan. 23, at The Manor Longueville, Jersey, Tanzen, widow of Charles Combe, late Captain H.M. 73rd Regiment, in her 71st year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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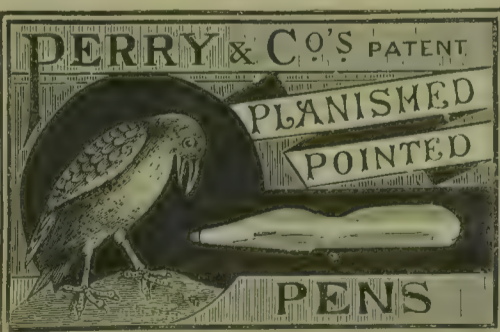
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Miss Peggy betrayed not the least hesitation in speaking to anyone—man, woman, or child.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

"Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake
I'll wait the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring."

Was it that same unholy fowl—the sedge-warbler—that woke some of us next morning, when as yet the dawn was dim in the eastern heavens? The world looked strange at this early hour. There was a ghostly, half-lurid light on the rippling stream; and the night still lingered in the skies, drawing her robes regretfully around her as she slowly left. And what did

this beast of a bird say? Why, as plain as plain could be: "Early, early, early!—time to get up! time to get up!—early, early, rise!—time to get up! time to get up!" We cursed him by all his gods, and went to sleep again.

When, much later on, the two women-folk came into the saloon to breakfast, it appeared that they, too, had suffered; indeed, Miss Peggy, though she looked as fresh as a sweet-briar rose, had an odd expression in her eyes, as though the broken dreams and visions of the night had left some bewilderment in the still blue deeps.

"Did you ever hear such an animal!" Queen Tita exclaimed. "And then, I was without my sleep-producer!"

"What is that?" our young dramatist promptly inquired.

"Oh, well, I used to suffer a good deal from sleeplessness, about five or six in the morning; and I found the best thing was to sip a little lemon-juice and soda-water, and lie down again. Indeed, I always have it ready when I'm at home, though I seldom have to use it now. Every night, I see that

it is there—the lemon-juice in a tumbler, the bottle of soda-water, and even a corkscrew!"

"Not necessarily for insertion, but as a guarantee of good faith," murmured the young man.

"And the mere consciousness that it is there," she continues, not heeding his flippancy, "seems to be enough. But I never expected to be woke up in the middle of the night in a quiet place like this."

"Oh, you shouldn't say anything against the sedge-warbler," Jack Duncombe protests. "Don't you know he is the most conscientious of all the birds? He knows that it is his business to pipe; and he goes on piping, morning or evening, until he is dead beat or until he falls asleep. You just try this now: when he stops at night, you throw a stone into the bush, to awaken him; and off he'll go again, piping away for dear life. It's a fact."

"If I threw a stone into the bush, it wouldn't be with that intention," says Mrs. Tom-tit, savagely; and Miss Peggy laughs.



"This is a small mark of gratitude in advance, if you will wear it."

The country between Cookham and Great Marlow, as many people are aware, is one of the most beautiful stretches on the Thames: on the one hand lush meadows, thick-starred with daisies, dandelions, and buttercups, or blush-tinted with patches of the cuckoo-flower; on the other, upland slopes, hanging with beech and wych-elm. And on this silver-clear morning everything looked cool and fresh and bright; there was a light wind ruffling the surface of the river; and there was a half-veiled sunlight touching the upper foliage of the woods, and lying with a broader cheerfulness on the daisied fields. And in all this wide landscape, shining in the soft green of the early summer, one could now make out but four figures: two of these were Palinurus and his four-footed charge, close at hand; the other two were a couple of young people, who were a good distance ahead, although one or other of them occasionally stooped to pick a wild flower. Well, who could grudge them this pleasant stroll together? Youth naturally goes with May and flower-starred pastures and the freshness of the morning; it seemed fitting to the time and place that these two should be walking along the bank there, by the side of the smoothly-flowing stream. It is true that there was on board a demon of a woman who professed to find in this harmless companionship a confirmation of her own sinister prophecies.

"Ah," said she, when, at Cookham, Jack Duncombe had made bold to ask our Peggy whether she would care to walk on ahead for a bit, and when Miss Rosslyn had graciously assented and gone ashore for the purpose, "ah, I told you: who is in favour now?"

"Go away," answers the man at the wheel.

"What is the value now of all her flattery, and her love-gifts, and her secret confidences? He was just a little bit too indifferent; and Peggy can't stand that. She'll have it out with him now. She'll teach him his proper place. And where will you be?"

"Go away."

"Well, she will be caught herself some day, I suppose. But I don't know. Men make such fools of themselves whenever they come near her—just because of her pretty face and her pretty figure—that she can hardly help laughing at them. Mr. Duncombe has been proof so far—because he never had a chance; you took care he shouldn't have a chance. But Peggy will give him a chance; oh, yes, she can always manage that."

"Will you get away, and stop chattering about that girl? Is there no other subject on this luckless earth that you can talk about?"

"I wonder who talks about her most! I wonder who is always making extraordinary discoveries about her character!"

"How can that be, when you declare she hasn't any?"

Apparently this is a dilemma; but, as usual, she escapes.

"I don't know that the discoveries are worth much. No; how could a man understand Peggy? It isn't possible. Either he is in love with her, or he is jealous of somebody else being in love with her; and either way he is blinded, and the girl never gets a fair judgment. Now, a woman sees dispassionately what Peggy really is; and I will tell you this, she isn't in the least like what men imagine her to be."

"Peace, fiend; and listen. Men take her as God made

her, with all the fascination naturally born of beauty, and with all the glamour naturally cast by a pair of eyes that are not only pretty but also exceedingly amiable and good-humoured; whereas women—who escape the fascination and miss the glamour—think they know her better because they can subject her to their spiteful dissection. But answer me this, Mrs. Farthing-Mephistopheles, which is the real fire-fly: the insect that flashes through the summer night, dazzling you with its splendour, or the insect that you've stuck a pin through and put on card-board and into a glass-case? Which is the real fire-fly? I tell you that a woman's dissection of a woman is worth just nothing at all. Women weren't meant for women, to begin with; it is but natural they should be blind to a fascination and a glamour that are sufficiently obvious to other folk. And now, to conclude, dearly-beloved brethren, and to end for ever this fruitless exhortation, it is to be observed that here and there on this unhappy planet there are men who are woman-minded, and who think it is the real fire-fly that they have got fixed on card-board."

"At all events," she says, "it's nicer of you to call Peggy a fire-fly than to call her a White Pestilence; and I'm glad you're not in a rage with her for having gone away and forsaken you. You bear it very well. Your pretence of good-natured approval is very well done. But I know you just hate him at this minute; and I shouldn't wonder if you hinted to him that his returning to London at the end of the week would improve his chances at the Bar."

"His chances at the Bar! His chances of getting a farce produced at a Strand theatre, you mean. However, will you be so kind as to remove yourself from my presence, and go away and tell Murdoch to come to the tiller, for I have to hunt out some ordnance survey maps. Who else is likely to take any trouble about them?"

Now the business of tracing out with red ink, on an ordnance map, our future route by canals and rivers is not a very engrossing one; and so, as the door of the saloon is fully open on this fresh-scented morning, one easily overhears the following conversation.

Queen Tita is in the stern-sheets with her sewing. Murdoch is on the steering-board, with his foot on the tiller.

"And what do you think of England, Murdoch?"

"Oh, it is a beautiful country, Mem; chist beautiful, with ahl the fine grazing land. I'm sure it is that micks the English people so rich that they come up in their yats and take ahl the shootings and forests and the salmon-fishings. I hef not seen a bit of bad land anywhere; and there's no rocks, or peat-bogs, or hulls!"

"But don't you miss the hills, Murdoch?" she interposes.

"Do you know, I am afraid we have rather disappointed you."

"Oh, no, Mem; you must not be for saying that, Mem. If I hef any disappointment, it was for you yourself, Mem, becaass I thought you were coming north in a yat."

"Well, we have been in some strange places, Murdoch, in the old days."

"Yes, indeed, Mem."

"Do you remember going away from Isle Ornsay by moonlight?"

"I did not like that night, Mem. There was two rings round the moon."

"What a place that was to be caught in by the equinoxials!—do you remember the seventy fathoms of anchor-chain? And do you remember the night we flew through Scalpa Sound, with the red of the port light shining on the foam—why it was like seething jam!"

"Ay, that was a bad night, too, Mem."

"Do you remember the long, long time we took to get back from Loch Maddy—how many days was it?—a dead calm almost all the time—nothing but blue hills and blue skies and a sea like glass. Why, in a short time they will be having those wonderful nights when there is no darkness all the night through. Wouldn't the people here be glad to be able to play lawn-tennis till half-past eleven o'clock?"

"Yes, Mem. But I was thinking now, Mem, of ahl the places we used to feesit in the yat, there was none you liked so well as Polterriv opposite Iona, and the anchorage in the Sound of Ulva, and Bunes-an—ay, and Isle Ornsay, too!"

"Oh, I love them all!—I'm not going to make any comparisons. I wasn't born in your country, Murdoch; but whenever I think of it, and of the people, my heart wats to both it and them; and I would rather spend a week there, yacht or no yacht, than have a year's holiday anywhere else in the world."

This is an extremely elegant and appropriate kind of conversation to be overheard at one of the very prettiest spots on the Thames—these two weeping together by the waters of Babylon, as they remembered Zion. Why, when one steps forth again into the outer world, and looks around, it is to wonder what any human being can wish for more. Over there, on the Berkshire side, and rising steep and sheer from the river's edge, are the Quarry Woods, the young foliage all shimmering in the sunlight; just under them the deep olive-green of the reflections on the water is broken by silver-flashing ripples; and above and beyond certain willowy islands in mid-channel one catches a glimpse of the spire of Marlow church and a bit of red-tiled roof. A more pleasant-looking landscape—in water-colour—one could not desire: why should Madam Ingratitude sigh for the sombre solitudes of the north, and the magic of moonlight nights at sea?

At Marlow Lock our young people were good enough to come on board again; for we had to get the boat past the little town by means of our sticks; and it must be said for Jack Duncombe that he was always at hand when there was any hard work to be done. As for Miss Peggy, she comes through the saloon, opens the window, and is pleased to join the solitary person at the bow.

"I hope you have enjoyed your morning walk, Miss Peggy."

She looks up quickly—to be on the alert against any possible sarcasm; and then, seeing that no harm is meant, she says—

"He's rather nice, you know."

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes, he's rather nice, if he wouldn't try to be so clever. Indeed, he reminds me of some of our young fellows at home, who rather tire you by their determination to be funny. I hardly expected it in an Englishman. I thought Englishmen were so satisfied with themselves that they wouldn't take the trouble to try to produce any effect on a stranger."

"That depends on the stranger—on her age and the colour of her eyes, and a lot of things."

"I hope he hasn't been making a fool of me," she says, looking at the little nosegay she holds in her hands. "You see I am very anxious to know what were Shakespeare's wild-flowers; and we've got the names pretty well mixed on our side—I know that what we call the cowslip in Long Island is really the marsh-marigold; then we've got no primroses in America, nor ivy, nor heather, no, nor hawthorn, I believe; and I want to know what the flowers are that your English poets mention."

"But, look here, Miss Peggy, the poets are most dangerous guides to follow, especially as regards the seasons of the wild-flowers. You will wander about a long time before you find a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, along with oxlips and musk-roses and eglantine. Milton called for a heap of impossibilities to strew on the grave of Lycidas; indeed, it never was Buckinghamshire that Milton looked at—it was a very literary sort of landscape he had around him."

"I don't mean that," she says, without ceremony; "I want to know what were really the flowers that Perdita had in her lap or her basket, whichever it was; and what were the daisies pied and violets blue that Rosalind sings about in the forest scene."

"By virtue of stage-license only."

"This is the real English daisy, then?" she says, examining her little nosegay again.

"Undoubtedly."

"And this is the cuckoo-flower?"

"The cuckoo-flower, or lady's smock, whichever you please."

"I think I can trust you better than him—for he would say anything," continues Miss Peggy. "And I am going to get you to tell me the names of all the wild flowers as we go along—all that are mentioned in Shakespeare, I mean; and this is a small mark of gratitude in advance—if you will wear it, and if I can find a pin—and if anyone asks you where you got the nosegay, you must just say it dropped from the clouds."

By this time we had resumed our silent voyage through the wide-stretching meadows that were all shining in the light of this clear May day. The world seemed very empty somehow. We met no one on the river; perhaps it was too early in the year for many boating-parties to be abroad. The only interruptions to our placid progress were the ferries and the locks; and we were now grown quite proficient in getting the boat across the stream, and rather enjoyed the hard work. As for the locks, the people there were far from being sulky toll-takers; they seemed rather to welcome the sight of strangers in these solitary parts; and more than once brought our women-folk a few flowers from their trimly-kept gardens. Miss Peggy, while the boat was being got through, was generally on shore, where she betrayed not the least hesitation in speaking to anyone, man, woman, or child, that chanced to be about.

At what precise spot we stopped for luncheon it would be hard to say; but it was somewhere between Hurley Mill and



Medmenham; we merely chose the prettiest stretch of meadow we could see—where there were some pollard willows close to the stream—and ran the boat in there and made her fast. We had all the freedom and remoteness and landscape surroundings of a picnic; but also we had comfortable seats to sit on, and the unmistakable convenience of a table. Jack Duncombe, who had steered all the way from Marlow, on coming into the saloon appeared to be a little surprised that Miss Peggy should have given away the rustic posy he had helped her to gather; but it is wholesome for young men to be taught lessons.

It was during this leisurely meal that Mr. Duncombe (who, in the morning, had been telling Miss Peggy something of his pursuits and experiences and hopes) incidentally fell foul of dramatic critics and criticism, and proceeded to entertain us with a furious onslaught on both. Why, if criticism were the contemptible and inefficient thing he declared it to be, he took the trouble to be angry about it we did not wholly understand. He maintained that the function of professional criticism had become obsolete; that the public had no time to listen to the myriad contradictory voices of newspapers, magazines, and reviews; that the fortunes of a play or a book were made at the dinner-table, at afternoon tea, in the smoking-room of a club. He half-heartedly admitted that there was something to be said in favour of the trade or profession of criticism as a means of providing food for a certain number of people who, themselves incapable of producing anything, were content to live by passing opinions on the work of others; but he insisted that it was a mean and parasitical occupation, and the fruits of it absolutely useless to, and disregarded by, the public. With much more of the like sort. The cruel fate of the luckless little comedy was being sternly avenged. The first-night mercenaries, as he called them, were being torn and rended in royal fashion. And when it was pointed out to him, by one who had but little interest in the subject, and who in any case was at the moment inclined to be generally complaisant (through wearing of a certain nose-gay), when it was pointed out to him that after all critics were, though the fact has been doubted, human beings; that they can bear a grudge; that, in a measure, they hang together ("Wish they did!" said he); and that, therefore, the solitary dramatist who seeks to fight them is a fool, and will suffer for his pains, he would have none of it.

"Oh, don't you suppose that I am one of the wretched creatures who shake and shudder when they hear a critic come crashing through the jungle. Not a bit! I may stand aside for a moment, but I'll have a shot at the beast all the same before he has gone far."

And then again he said (having been interrupted by his hostess asking him to open a bottle of soda-water)—

"If I were writing a book, wouldn't I like to lay traps for them, to expose their ignorance. I'd have a boat land on the north side of the Thames, in Kent. I'd have a Gloucester yeoman die intestate, and his freeholds go to his youngest son. I'd use all kinds of phrases that they'd gird at as Scottisms, and then I'd smash them with Chaucer and Shakspeare. Why, I believe Shakspeare did lay traps for the scurrilous idiots who were always attacking him. Giving a seaport to Bohemia was a trap. I've no doubt he knew quite well that at one time Bohemia had seaports on the Adriatic; and I dare say he had his laugh over the ignorant objectors of his own day. But, you see, he can't have it out with the ignorant objectors of our day, because he's dead."

"He is," said Queen Titania, calmly; and this ended the discourse; for we saw through the windows that Palinurus had made his appearance—old Pal, we had now got to call him, affectionately—along with the ample-maued and bushy-tailed white charger that had grown so familiar a feature in these breezy spring landscapes.

As we go on again, by Medmenham, and towards Hambleton Lock, Miss Peggy is up at the bow, and she is talking, in rather a low voice, and with downcast eyes. There are reasons why she does not wish to be overheard: Jack Duncombe is at the tiller; and the country around us is absolutely silent, save for the singing of the birds.

"Do you really think there is anything in him?" she asks. "Why, his brain is as full of projects as a hive is full of bees."

"But do you think he will succeed?"

"He ought to hit on a good thing sooner or later. He is industrious enough."

"And a successful play pays very well, does it not? It is worth trying for."

"That is hardly what he is aiming at. His family have plenty of money; and he is the eldest son. It's honour and glory that he is after—fame as an author—bowing his thanks to a crowded audience on a first night—and having young women write to him for his autograph."

"I'm sure I hope he will succeed," she remarked—and she seemed to take a very sincere and good-natured interest in the young man's welfare. "But isn't it a very precarious profession? Don't you think he would have a much safer, a more settled, occupation if he kept to the law?"

"A more settled occupation, certainly: he could sit in his rooms in the Temple, and read novels. There would be no anxiety about the dramatic critics then."

"But surely you will remonstrate with him about that," she said, with apparently honest concern. "Why, it is such a pity for a young man to make enemies, and at the very beginning of his career."

"He does not mean half what he says. He talks for the sake of talking—especially if there is a young lady listening. By-the-way, what has become of the aphorisms? We've had none of late."

"He says they did not meet with a flattering reception," answers Miss Peggy, who appears to have received a good many of Mr. Duncombe's confidences during the morning. "But I can tell you that he is still storing them up, and all kinds of suggestions, too, for plays and novels and sketches. He showed me his book. Oh, I thought it was very interesting to hear him talk about all the various things he meant to do; and some of them were very clever, and some very amusing. It was like being in a workshop, and looking at the materials; you couldn't help being interested. There was one suggestion for a short story or a sketch that seemed to me very funny: would it be breaking confidence if I told it to you?"

"You may depend on it I shall not rob the boy of his ideas."

"Well, it is the sub-editor of a provincial paper, and his room is on the ground-floor. It is a hot day, and the door is open. He has been writing an essay on presence of mind; but he has left that on his desk, and gone to a little table by the window, where lunch has been brought in for him. Well, he is at his lunch, when he hears a murmuring noise outside, and then one or two startled cries of warning nearer at hand; and he gets up to look over the under-sash into the street. At the same moment a leopard comes slouching in by the open door, and, without seeing him, sneaks away into the opposite corner of the room. Then he understands what the murmur of the crowd outside means; he remembers that a menagerie was to arrive in the town that day, and this leopard has escaped. Then begins a description of his feelings. He daren't stir, for

the slightest movement would attract the attention of the beast. And perhaps it will smell the chop on the table, and come round that way to him. The question is whether he should make one spring for the door, or wait for the menagerie people to come to his help. But he can't think—he can't decide anything—because he is in such a horrible fright; and his essay on presence of mind has gone entirely out of his head. Don't you see?"

"Yes; but what happens?"

"Oh, that's all."

"Oh, that's all? But what did the man do?"

"I don't know."

"Ah, now I see. The interest is psychological. Given the environment—that is to say, the four walls of a sub-editor's room, including a leopard, a man, and a fragrant chop; to find out what the man—his temperament subject to the laws and conditions of heredity—will probably be thinking about. That's it, is it? Well, it might be interesting; but, if Mr. Duncombe speaks to you of his projected story again, you may hint to him that the public, being gross and carnal-minded, would very likely want to know what the man did, and what the leopard did, too."

"I will," she says; and then she raises her eyes a little. "Are you aware that those two are talking down there; and I can see that they are talking about us; and I know that they are saying we are engaged in the study of English history. Now, are we?"

"Certainly not; we don't do such things."

"Well, I'm off. I don't like being subjected to suspicion."

Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

So Miss Peggy descends into the saloon; but she considerably leaves the window open behind her; and presently one hears a strumming on the banjo, and discovers that she is briskly busy with "Oh, dem golden slippers," "In the morning," and other alien airs.

When at length we reached Henley we stopped to bait the horse there, and we all went ashore; and, of course, for the sake of old associations, made our way to the Red Lion, the front of which was one magnificent mass of wistaria in full blossom, a sight worth coming all the way to see. It was while we were having tea in the well-known parlour overlooking the river, that Jack Duncombe made these observations:—

"We shall get to Sonning to-night; and I have been thinking that if Miss Rosslyn would like to see a capital specimen of an old-fashioned country inn, we might dine at the Bull there. Not the White Hart down by the river-side—that is beloved of cockneys; but the Bull that the artists who know the Thames swear by. It won't be exactly like dining at the Bristol; but it will be a good deal more picturesque. What do you say, Miss Rosslyn?"

Miss Rosslyn, who has taken off her sailor hat (thereby graciously revealing to us all the beautiful masses of her golden-brown hair) and is twirling the same on her forefinger, makes answer very prettily—"I am sure whatever you all think best will be best. Everything has been delightfully arranged so far—it is like a fairy dream to me. So don't ask me to give any opinion, please; it will be much better to leave it in your hands."

"We'll say the Bull, then," said he, just as if he were manager of the whole caravan.

And perhaps it was because of his familiarity with these parts that when we went out for a stroll through the pretty, clean-looking, red-and-white town, the young man naturally constituted himself Miss Rosslyn's companion and guide to all there was to be seen. And perhaps it was gratitude on her part that led her, when we returned to the boat, to take up her position in the stern-sheets, along with the other two, leaving the solitary watchman at the bow to his own meditations. But revenge was nigh. As we were passing Wargrave Marsh, one could hear a lot of clattering astern.

"If they're not snowdrops, what are they?"

"They can't be snowdrops, at this time of the year."

"They're too big for snowdrops."

"Mightn't snowdrops grow large in that swampy place?"

"Let's stop and see, anyway. Old Pal could get hold of some and throw them on board."

Then these innocents must needs stop the boat, and get the astonished driver to adventure his life through that dismal swamp, to reach certain white flowers growing among the rank vegetation near the water's edge. But even when these were got on board, and our progress resumed, the amateur botanists did not seem any the happier. The babblement continued. Then, after a pause—

"Peggy, you go and ask him."

Someone comes along, and through the saloon, and appears at the open window.

"They want you to tell them what kind of a snowdrop this is."

"Go away and don't talk to me. I don't know you."

"Please!"

"Well, you are a lot of pretty dears! That is your notion of a snowdrop, is it? I suppose none of you are aware that the *Leucojum aestivum* is one of the chief botanical glories and treasures of the Thames?"

"But I can't remember that dreadful name," says Miss Peggy, with the blue eyes grown piteous. "Please, what else do they call it?"

"The snowflake."

"It isn't in Shakspeare?"

"No, it doesn't grow in Warwickshire."

"The snowflake," she says, taking the flowers into her hand again. "When I have told them what it is, I am coming back, if I may. May I?"

"You may."

As we follow the meanderings of the river between Shiplake Lock and Sonning, a grey mist begins to steal over the woods and wide meadows, and seems to presage the long-prayed-for rain. When we arrive at our destination, and walk up through the little village to the Bull Inn, there is just enough light to give our young American friend some vague idea of what the place is like—the quaint old-fashioned building of brick and timber, with its red-tiled roof, its peaked windows and small-paned casements, the creepers trained up the wall, the large orchard on one side of the house, the row of tall limes in front. Inside, there is another tale to tell; for when we have made our way along the uneven flooring of the corridors, and stumbled headlong into the apartment where we are to dine, we find that lit up by a cheerful blaze of lamps, and everything looking very snug and comfortable indeed. It appears that it is Jack Duncombe who is running this circus, if the phrase may be allowed. We are his guests, he gives us to understand. And, of course, in his character of host he is bound to consult the wishes of the party—of the two women, that is to say; and very indefatigable and considerate he is about it. They even remonstrate. One of them is accustomed to yachting fare, the other has had experiences of camping-out. They beg of him not to be so exacting.

"But I want to show Miss Rosslyn what an English inn is like," he says; and that is supposed to settle the question: to please Miss Rosslyn everything must yield.

It is gratifying to be able to state that during the whole

of this evening the conduct of Miss Rosslyn was quite beyond reproach. Young Duncombe was in rather an eager and talkative mood—perhaps from the consciousness that he was entertaining those people; and she paid him the most scrupulous and courteous attention. Whether he was in jest or in earnest, she listened; and he had adopted a kind of don't-you-think-so attitude towards her; and often her eyes smiled assent and approval even when she did not speak. One could see that Queen Titania occasionally threw a glance towards the girl that seemed to savour of sarcasm; but women are like that; and are not to be heeded. Miss Peggy was urbanity itself; and no doubt the young man was pleased to have secured so respectful a listener. Not only that, but she managed to pay him a little compliment in so dexterous a manner that the trivial incident is worth recording. He was putting forth the proposition, more or less seriously, that as we raise statues to those of our fellow-creatures who command our admiration and gratitude, so we ought to have a perpetual pillory for those who deserve the universal execration of mankind. His first notion was to have a chamber of Horrors in Westminster Abbey; but he concluded that something more cosmopolitan was wanted. And then, when we all began to back our candidates for admission to this Universal Pillory—Bloody Mary—Judge Jeffreys—Torquemada—Alva—Butcher Cumberland—and so on, it came to Miss Peggy's turn to make a suggestion.

"The critic who reviewed Keats's poems in the *Quarterly*," she said.

The allusion was so unmistakable to the complaint he had made that morning that he could hardly help being grateful to her for her proffered sympathy and alliance, even if he refused to regard himself as a distinguished poet, or to rank his ill-starred comedy with "Endymion." It was cleverly done on the part of Miss Peggy. It showed goodwill. Indeed, her eyes showed that too, as she listened to the young man's discourse.

Now, when we left this snug hostelry to return to our Nameless Barge, the two women led the way; and they had their arms interlinked; and were engaged in conversation. What that conversation was we were not permitted to overhear; but on reaching the boat—which was all lit up, by-the-way, and in the darkness looked something like one of those illumined toy-churches, with coloured windows, that Italians used to sell in the streets—it was found that Miss Peggy was pretending to be very much annoyed with her friend. She wore an injured air. She would not speak. When Murdoch had got out the gangboard, and we were all in the saloon again, Mrs. Threepenny-bit went and took down the banjo.

"Come, now, Peggy, don't be vexed—or, rather, don't pretend to be vexed. When I talk to you, it's for your good. And I tell you the truth. I'm not like those other people. Come along, now, and we'll have 'Carry me back to old Tennessee,' as a kind of general good-night."

Miss Peggy glances at Jack Duncombe, and gently declines. The fact is this: at certain high jinks which the young lady has honoured with her presence, this song, as played by her on the banjo, has been in great request; partly because, no one knowing the words, it could be prolonged indefinitely by singing to it verses of other songs, or even a leading article cut up into the requisite quantities, but mainly because it has an excellent chorus in which everybody can easily join. These festivities, however, were of a strictly esoteric character. The presence of a single stranger invariably put a check on certain of Miss Peggy's banjo performances; and especially upon "Carry me back to old Tennessee." And now the fact that Mr. Duncombe had never been within the charmed circle is enough. It is in vain that cigars are lit, and soda-water (and other things) produced, so that we may have a final and friendly half-hour together: Miss Peggy remains obdurate.

"Oh, no," she says, "I'm afraid Mr. Duncombe would think it stupid—for no one knows the words."

"Why, that's all the fun of it! We'll take Dr. Watts's hymns this time. The words are nothing; the chorus is the objective point."

Miss Peggy reaches over and takes the instrument that is handed to her.

"No," she says, "but I'll try an English ballad I heard a little while ago—I don't know whether I can manage it with this thing."

She struck the strings, and almost directly we recognised the prelude of one of the quaintest and prettiest of the old ballad airs. And then Miss Peggy sang—

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so!"

And therewithal she looked across the table to Queen Titania—with eyes that spoke of injury and reproach, as clearly as the mischief in them would allow.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE'S LECTURES SCHEME

The report of the People's Lectures Scheme, which has just been issued, under the auspices of the Gilchrist Trustees and the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, shows that the lectures proved a remarkable success. The largest average attendance at a course was 1530 at the Bernadshy Townhall, although the largest number attending a single lecture was 4600, at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road. The total of attendances at all the lectures was 20,247. In addition to satisfying a great educational need in London, the People's Lectures have prepared the way for the more complete and systematic work of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and as a direct result two or three new centres have already been started. There is little doubt that it will be found possible to continue this good work next winter, and that eventually funds will be forthcoming to establish the scheme on a permanent basis. Several conferences of representatives of local centres and the council have recently been held at the Charter-house (where the offices of the society are now situated). These have proved a valuable means of drawing the different centres more closely together, and of furthering the consolidation of the work of the London Society.

The competition for the Sainton-Dolby Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music took place on Jan. 19, the scholarship being awarded to Amy Angarde.

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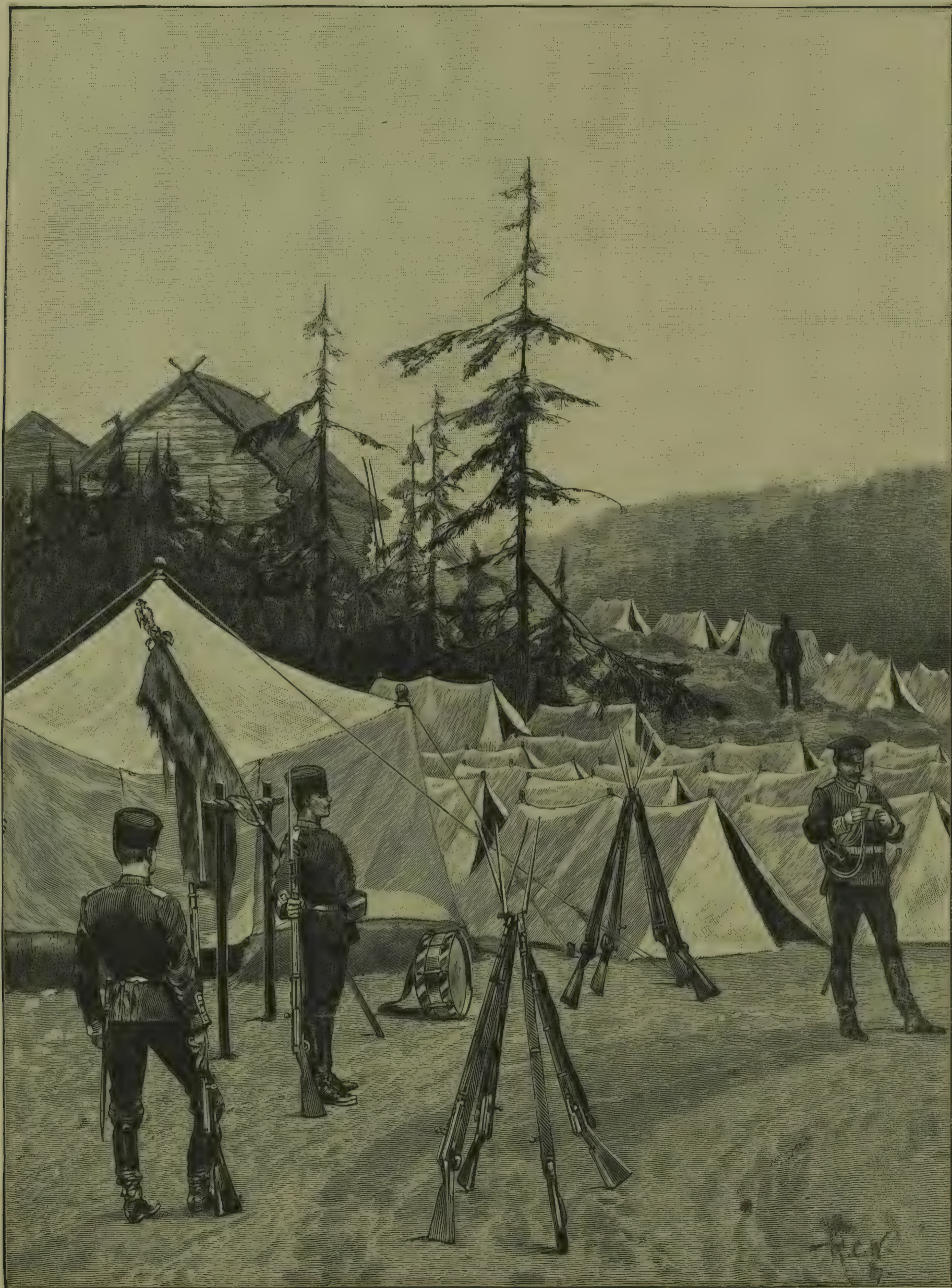
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ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT. THE RUSSIAN INFANTRY.—ORGANISATION.

There are forty-eight Infantry Divisions in the Russian Army : three of the Guard ; four of the Grenadiers ; and forty-one of the Line. The divisions are numbered in each class : first division of the Guard ; first division of Grenadiers ; and so on. The regiments are numbered in the same way : the first to the twelfth, of the Guard ; the first to the sixteenth, of the Grenadiers ; the first to the 164th, of the Line. The twelve Infantry regiments of the Guard have titles and honorary designations, by which they are known, in addition to the local titles

which all Infantry regiments bear. Many of the Line regiments have honorary designations as well. The local title of a regiment is the name of the town where the head-quarters of the regiment is usually stationed in time of peace, although recruits are not exclusively supplied from the surrounding district. The full title of the 1st Regiment of the Guard is, "The First Regiment of Preobrazhensk, of the Guard." This is how it is termed in official reports ; but, ordinarily, it is known by the name, "The Preobrazhensky Regiment" ; and, in the same way, the 121st Infantry Regiment, of Penza, is known as the "Penzansky Regiment."

An Infantry Division, in the Russian Army, contains two brigades,

or four regiments, or sixteen battalions, or sixty-four companies. Every regiment of Infantry, whether Guards, Grenadiers, or Line, consists of four battalions, each of four companies. In Russia there are two distinct establishments, for peace and war ; and all regiments of a division are invariably on the same establishment, the strength of a half company forming the basis of the calculation ; that is, twenty-four files in peace, and fifty in war. The war establishment of a company, whether of the Guards or Line, is one captain or staff-captain, one lieutenant, one sub-lieutenant, one ensign, and 239 non-commissioned officers and men. In time of peace, one of the officers is always away on furlough, and 128 non-commissioned officers and men

are sent home on furlough. The establishment of a regiment of the Guards is made up thus : one general, six field-officers, 56 officers, 112 non-commissioned officers, 32 volunteers, 37 drummers, 37 buglers, 54 bandsmen, 160 lance-corporals, and 1440 privates ; making a grand total of 1934 combatants in time of peace ; or, including the 92 non-combatant officers and men, 2027 officers and men, with 37 horses and eight horsed vehicles. When a regiment is raised to the war footing, the 2064 combatants who are away in time of peace return to the colours, and raise the total to 3999, or, including non-combatants, a total establishment, in war, of 4123 men, with 236 horses, and 67 horsed vehicles.



TOILERS OF THE SEA.—BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

The Grenadier and Line regiments differ from the Guards in some particulars. They have seven field-officers, 56 officers, 112 non-commissioned officers, 32 volunteers, 33 drummers, one bugler, 40 bandsmen, 160 lance-corporals, and 1440 privates ; making a total of 1881, or with non-combatants, 1972 in time of peace, with 37 horses and eight carts. In time of war, 2064 officers and men return from furlough, making the total 3945, or, with non-combatants, 4068. The first regiment in each Infantry Division has 236 horses and 67 carts ; the Grenadiers, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments of the Line Divisions have 232 horses and 66 carts ; also, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th regiments in each Division have five fewer bandsmen. The non-combatant staff of an infantry regiment forms a separate company, under its own special officers. Not only have the regiments their

proper army number, but they are also independently known in their own Divisions as the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments ; and, in the same manner, the battalions are numbered from 1 to 4, and the companies from 1 to 16, in each regiment.

The Rifle Brigades consist of four battalions each, and do not form part of Infantry Divisions. The Guards have a Rifle Brigade of four battalions, and the twenty rifle battalions of the line form Rifle Brigades, the 1st to the 5th. The Rifles, like the Guards, are picked men from all parts of the Empire. The Caucasus, Turkestan, and Eastern Siberia have each a Rifle Brigade ; and a Brigade of Transcaspian Rifles has been organised. Finland maintains the 3rd Battalion of the Rifles of the Guard, and eight battalions of Rifles of the Line.

There are twenty-nine battalions of Frontier Troops, which do not form part of any Infantry Division. As their name indicates, they garrison and protect the frontiers ; four battalions being in the Caucasus, seventeen in Turkestan, four in Eastern Siberia, and four in Western Siberia. The Frontier Battalions of Siberia are employed on local and garrison duty only, but those of the Caucasus and Turkestan are employed in active operations as well.

UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT.

Under the present Czar great alterations in the uniform of the Russian Infantry have been made. Everything that is merely showy and ornamental, and not strictly serviceable, has been abolished ; and the uniform has been modelled on the simple and comfortable dress of

the Russian peasant. All the troops, whether Guards, Grenadiers, Rifles, Frontier regiments, or Line, wear the same uniform, the only distinction between the different corps being in the shoulder-straps and facings, which, by slight differences in colour and ornamentation, distinguish the Guards from the Line, and both from the Rifle Brigades. All the Infantry wear a tunic and trousers of dark green cloth ; but, in summer, these are generally replaced by a uniform of white linen. The Guards wear a red stripe down their trousers, and the Infantry of the Line, plain dark green trousers. The Infantry of the Guard have red shoulder-straps, with the Imperial crown and the initials of the regiment's title embroidered upon them ; the Line have only the number and cipher of the regiment on their shoulder-straps. The ordinary Infantry head-dress is a black Astrachan cap, with a

cockade and double eagle for ornaments; but the Guards wear a black helmet; the Preobrazhenski Regiment, a pointed helmet of peculiar shape; and the Paulovski Regiment, bearskins. But while these divergencies are allowed on parade, all the Russian Infantry wear the familiar flat cloth cap for undress and on active service. All the Infantry wear long boots to the knee, and tuck the trousers into them; the great-coat is of grey cloth, with a movable "bashlik" or hood, to entirely cover the head; on the collar is a patch of cloth, of the colour of the regimental facings. In very severe weather a close-fitting sheepskin jacket is worn underneath the greatcoat. No socks are worn; but bandages, made of woollen material in winter and of linen in summer, are bound round the foot. When not in use, the greatcoat is rolled up and worn over the shoulder. The soldier has to carry a knapsack, a mess-tin, a water-bottle, a havresack, and a bag for bullets. The rifle in use in the Russian Infantry regiments is the Berdan rifle, of the pattern of 1871, weighing 9 lb. 4 oz. without, and 10 lb. 3 oz. with, the bayonet; and measuring 4 ft. 6 in. without the bayonet, and 6 ft. with it. The bayonet is of a quadrangular pattern, and, on active service, is always carried fixed to the rifle, the scabbard being left at home. All officers, sergeants-major, drummers, and buglers, carry a revolver at all times, in a leather-case attached to a cord passing round the neck. The officers have a lace cord, and the drummers and sergeants a worsted cord, matching the lace or facings of the uniform. The revolver used in Russia is the Smith-Wesson, a weapon of American manufacture, having six chambers; the cartridge is central fire, and of solid brass. Officers' swords are worn in a frog, with a leather scabbard slung from the right shoulder, but attached to the waist by a lace girdle; they are worn with the edge upwards. In addition to their arms and accoutrements, the men of each company have to carry eighty light spades and twenty light axes between them. The uniform and equipment of the Rifles and Frontier troops are almost exactly the same as those of the Infantry of the Line; they differ only in slight points of detail.

Each battalion of an infantry regiment, and each Rifle or Frontier battalion, has a colour, about fifty inches square, mounted on a pike or staff 9 ft. 3½ in. long. The Guards have the pike topped with the Imperial eagle, and other regiments with a spear-head. In each corner of the colour is a circular patch of 8½ in. diameter containing the Czar's cipher, within a laurel wreath, worked upon it. The colour of this patch is the same as the facings of the regiment for the Guards and Line, crimson for the Rifles, and light blue for the Frontier battalions. There is one excellent regulation which might very well be adopted by every army. The buglers in the Russian Infantry regiments are all mounted, and consequently are able to keep close to the commanding officer, and to transmit his orders with ease and precision.

THE RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

All the Cavalry of the Russian Army has been reorganised by the present Czar, and formed into Dragoon regiments. The cavalry soldier is armed with a rifle and a bayonet, and carries his sword in a black leather scabbard, attached to a shoulder-belt slung over the right shoulder.

The Cavalry of the Guard has kept its two divisions: the Cuirassiers, consisting of four regiments, and the Light Cavalry, consisting of two regiments of Hussars, two regiments of Lancers, and two regiments of Dragoons. The two first regiments of the Cuirassiers are the oldest in the Russian Cavalry, dating from the reign of Peter the Great. These four regiments have been allowed to keep, as full dress uniform,

their white tunic, the cuirass, and the helmet. On active service, they wear an undress uniform of black cloth, and a white cap with a coloured band. They are armed with the rifle and sword of the Dragoons, and do duty as Dragoons. The Cavalry of the Guard has the finest men and the finest horses in the army; each regiment being mounted only on horses of one colour.

The idea of transforming all the Russian Cavalry, except the Cossacks, into mounted infantry or Dragoons, originated with the forward spirits of the Skobelev-school; and the reorganisation was determined upon, and was begun, before the last Russo-Turkish war. The outbreak of hostilities stopped the changes that had been commenced; and the Russian Cavalry went into the war almost in a state of transition. After peace was signed, and when the authorities had once more leisure to attend to such matters, the transformation of the Lancers and Hussars into Dragoons was recommenced, and successfully carried out; the alteration of the uniform taking place under the present Czar.

There are seventeen Cavalry Divisions in the Russian Army—namely, two Divisions of the Guard, fourteen Divisions of the Cavalry of the Line, and one Division of the Cavalry of the Caucasus. Before the reorganisation, each Cavalry Division of the Line consisted of one regiment of Dragoons, one regiment of Lancers, one regiment of Hussars, and one regiment of Don Cossacks; but now that the Lancers and Hussars have been abolished, each Division consists of three regiments of Dragoons, and one of Don Cossacks. The Division of the Caucasus consists of four regiments of Dragoons, armed and equipped in Cossack fashion.

A glance at the map will show the reason for this alteration in the Russian Cavalry. The province of Russian Poland, with the important stronghold and arsenal of Warsaw, is surrounded on three sides by Prussia and Austria; and, in the event of a war between Russia and these two Powers, nothing would be easier than for the allies, marching into Poland from north and south, to effect a junction in the province of Grodno, and thus to utterly cut off Poland and its capital from the rest of the Empire. The Russian aim is to prevent this, by having an overwhelming force of mounted infantry in Poland, which they will be able to throw, at very short notice, in the rear of an invading army, and thus to take the enemy between two fires, and to prevent any advance that would isolate Poland. The objection to this plan is the want of transport: as the force it would be necessary to use, to ensure success, would be far too large to live upon the country through which it would pass.

The Russian Empire has always been celebrated for the excellence and variety of its breeds of horses; and the splendid mounts ridden by the Cavalry of the Guard show that the race has not deteriorated. The better class of horses from the steppes are largely used in the Light Cavalry. The horse from the Don, a cross between the Russian and Turkish breeds, has increased in size, without losing any of its good qualities; and has for some time furnished the principal remounts for the army. The Caucasus has its own special breeds; but the showiest is that of Karabakh; the strongest, fastest, and hardiest is that of Kabarda, and on this the Cossacks of the private escort are mounted.

THE COSSACK CAVALRY.

An Illustration of Ural Cossacks of the Guard, fording a river, appeared in our last, with some account of the military organisation of the Cossack tribes, continued from Jan. 7, when we gave Sketches of the Cossack Artillery, and of a detachment

of Cossack horsemen on the banks of the Pruth. Of all the Cossacks it may be said that they are very fine men, obedient, hardy, and intelligent; their individuality distinguishes them from the ordinary machine-like soldier of the Line; for they are not simply peasants, the Cossacks of the Ural being fishermen, and the Cossacks of the Caucasus, hardy mountaineers. The Czarévitch is the hereditary Ataman (sometimes written Hetman) of all the Cossacks.

There are fourteen divisions of the Russian Cavalry of the Line, as we have stated, and four regiments to each division. The Don Cossacks furnish one regiment to each division, while the Cossacks of the Caucasus form a Cavalry Division of their own, consisting of four Dragoon regiments. The Cossacks of the Caucasus, though they come from the same stock as the Don Cossacks, are of quite a different type; for their long residence in the Caucasus has made them adopt the arms, dress, and habits of the Circassians, against whom they had to fight. The private escort of the Czar is taken from their picked men. The Imperial Cossacks, the Ataman Cossacks, and two squadrons of the Ural Cossacks, are attached to the Cavalry of the Guard; and they have retained, in every respect, their national costumes, arms, and military customs.

The Don Cossacks of the Emperor's bodyguard wear red tunic and trousers; the Ataman Cossacks of the Guard, light-blue tunic and trousers; all other Don Cossack regiments wear a dark green uniform. The Guards have a blue cloth top to their black Astrachan caps, and the other regiments a red cloth top. The troopers all wear the Russian regulation grey overcoat, and are shod with long boots, into which the trousers are tucked; they carry a Berdan rifle in a sheepskin-case; and all, except a certain number in each regiment, are armed with the lance. Spurs are only worn by the Cossacks of the Guard. The horses are about fourteen hands high, and are always ridden on the snaffle. Though they look rough, and carry their heads very high, they are most servicable animals, and capable of a great deal of hard work.

The Cossacks of the Caucasus wear trousers and a close-fitting "beshmet" or Tartar jacket, over which is worn the "tsherkeska" or long Circassian tunic, which reaches below the knee. Across the chest they carry bandoliers of silver or other metal, in which they place their cartridges, ten on each side. The "tsherkeska" and trousers are black; but the Kuban Cossacks wear a red "beshmet," and the Terek Cossacks a blue one; the cap is of black sheepskin, with a coloured cloth top. The "bourka," or greatcoat, is not made of skin, but of thick felt, with the hair left long on the outside; it is heavy, but thoroughly waterproof, and well-ventilated; it is superior to the mackintosh in every respect except in weight.

The Astrachan, Ural, Orenburg, Semirechensk, and Siberian Cossacks are armed, clothed, and equipped in the same manner as the Don Cossacks; and so are the other Cossack tribes, which have some slight distinguishing marks.

Lieutenant-General Sir E. B. Bulwer has been awarded a distinguishing service pension.

Mr. Hebb's conduct in soliciting admission orders from the lessees of theatres was again discussed at a meeting on Jan. 20 of the Metropolitan Board of Works. A motion by Mr. A. Egerton, M.P., that Mr. Hebb be superseded in his office of assistant architect fell through, the voting for and against it being equal. Other amendments were rejected, and the report of the General Purposes Committee, condemning Mr. Hebb's conduct, and prohibiting such practices in the future under pain of dismissal, was adopted.

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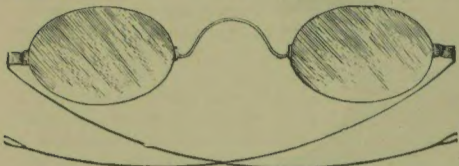
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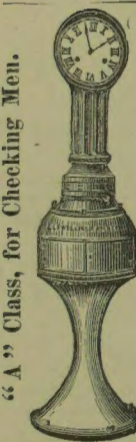
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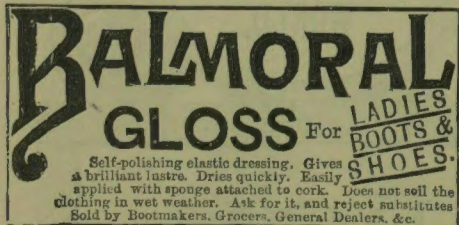
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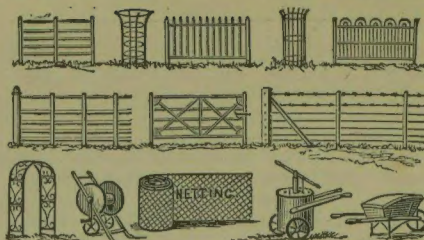
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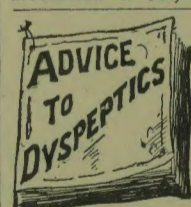
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HOW I SERVED ON THE GRAND JURY.

It had never hitherto fallen to my lot to serve on a jury. So when an insignificant little paper was thrust into my letter-box, some three or four weeks ago, and I saw that it was headed "Jury Summons," I eyed it with some interest and curiosity. The paper told me to present myself at Sewell, our county town, on the 18th day of October, at ten o'clock punctually, as I was required to serve on the Grand Jury at the Quarter Sessions.

I have noticed that anyone who is called upon to serve on a jury has an unquestioned right to consider himself aggrieved. This inestimable privilege I, of course, determined to make the most of. So I started off at once to see Jones. Jones is a capital fellow, and a dear friend of mine. He always gives me the impression that he knows more about everything than anybody else. He is frequently wrong, of course; but that does not matter. Jones behaved very nicely when he heard my news. He could not have been more sympathetic if I had had to appear at the Quarter Sessions in a totally different capacity. He pleasantly observed that it was only persons of some position who were selected for the Grand Jury, and delicately hinted at his extreme surprise that such a distinction should have been conferred on me. He went on to inform me that I should receive a guinea for my day's work—a piece of news which added greatly to my secret joy, though, naturally, I continued to grumble like a thoroughbred Briton.

The 18th arrived, and I took an early train to Sewell. I felt rather important as I walked up to the County Hall, where the Quarter Sessions are held. On the way, I met a rude man, who elbowed me off the pavement; but I don't think he could have known that I was a Grand Juror. At the County Hall I found a number of gentlemen, whose demeanour led me to believe that they, too, were Jurymen. We were ushered into court to be sworn—the Grand Jury through one door, and the Petty Jury through another. There we sat for the next ten minutes, on opposite sides of the court, glaring at one another like rival teams at a football-match. Presently a door opened, and a brisk-looking man, in wig and gown, came into court, and began calling over our names. He was followed by several gentlemen of benevolent appearance, who filed in and took their places on the bench. One of these gentlemen had a black beard, and sat on a raised chair, under a canopy. This was the Chairman, Lord Maple.

Meanwhile, it transpired that two of our number had failed to put in an appearance. The man in the wig and gown looked at us very fiercely as he called their names in vain. I wanted to say that it wasn't my fault, but I was afraid. Then it was solemnly announced that these two gentlemen were fined. I told Jones about this when I returned home. He said it was the regular thing—they were always fined if they couldn't be found. When this part of the business was over, the Chairman spoke.

"Sir Peter Pooley," said he, addressing a pale, quiet-looking man, "will you act as foreman of the Grand Jury?"

Sir Peter begged to be excused as he was not feeling very well.

"Is there any gentleman here," asked Lord Maple, "who has served as foreman of a Grand Jury before?"

Dead silence.

"Is there any gentleman present who has ever served on a Grand Jury at all?"

Next to me sat a very young man, who seemed a little nervous and ill-at-ease. He hesitated for a moment; then, apparently summoning up all his courage, he rose to his feet, and said in a husky voice, "I haven't."

"What is your name, Sir?" said the Chairman.

"Peewit," answered the bashful young man. "But I was only saying."

"Your Christian name?" demanded the man in the wig.

"Edwin. I didn't say."

"Any other Christian name?"

"No. I only."

"Let the foreman be sworn," said Lord Maple.

"This way, please," said an official of some sort, ostentatiously holding up a little book, which I believe to have been a Testament. All eyes were fixed on poor Mr. Peewit. He rose and stumbled forward to the corner place in the front row. Even then I could hear his mild expostulation.

"You misunderstood what I said. I never"—but before he could say any more, his explanation was cut short, the book was thrust into his hand, and the oath was read over to him.

"Kiss the book. Thank you. Sit down."

So Mr. Peewit was sworn as foreman of the Grand Jury. All the rest of us, about eighteen or twenty in number, were then sworn in batches of four, while poor Mr. Peewit was sitting in his corner looking the picture of misery.

As soon as we were sworn, we had to listen to a Royal proclamation, in which we were strictly forbidden to play with cards or dice on Sunday. I don't know whether Grand Jurors as a rule are addicted to this sort of thing. We were not a gambling lot, to look at; but perhaps the exhortation did us good. When it was over Lord Maple proceeded to charge the Grand Jury. Addressing himself to Mr. Peewit, he explained that all we had to do was to decide whether there was a *prima facie* case against the prisoners or not; if there was, the foreman was to write "True Bill" on the indictment; if not, he was to write "No True Bill." We were not to try anybody or anything. We were only to say if there was sufficient evidence to send before a jury. If so, the prisoner was to be tried in court before a petty jury; if not, he was to be set free at once. Then the Chairman rapidly gave Mr. Peewit instructions as to the examination of witnesses, the number of times he was to write his initials on certain documents, and various other interesting little details, to all of which our unhappy foreman listened as if he were in a dream. I believe if he could have had his choice between being foreman of the Grand Jury and standing in the dock as a prisoner he would unhesitatingly have chosen the latter alternative. Having listened to the charge, we were sent away to perform our duties.

"In fact," said Jones, when I was telling him all about it the same evening, "as soon as the Grand Jury had been fully charged it went off? And then came the report?—eh? Ha! ha!"

"Yes," I said, though I didn't see what there was to laugh at. "But the report was two hours afterwards."

"I see," said Jones; "when they had come to a sound conclusion." And again he roared with laughter. I am very fond of Jones; but I do wish he would be more serious.

We were ushered into a large apartment, where we found long narrow tables arranged around three sides of the room. On the fourth side, folding doors communicated with a hall, in which were the witnesses who were waiting to be examined. Mr. Peewit took his place in the centre of the middle table, exactly opposite the folding doors. I contrived to secure one of the seats next to him, for I was anxious to see how he would get on. The moment we were seated he turned to me and whispered, "Do you remember what the Chairman told me to do? I have forgotten every word he said."

It is not often that one gets a real chance, and when it does come one is never prepared for it. If I had been at all equal

to the situation, I should have given Mr. Peewit the most curious information, which would presently have led to some entertaining scenes. Instead of doing this, I was so much taken aback that I merely repeated what Lord Maple had said, and thereby spoiled all the fun. I know many men who, if they had lost such an opportunity as this, would have kept the thing a secret, or would even, perhaps, have embellished the story so as to put their conduct in a more favourable light. But I have too much principle to do anything of that sort. When I have done wrong, I always admit the fact, and say I am sorry for it. I certainly did tell Mr. Peewit what Lord Maple had said. It was very thoughtless, I own; but I hope that I shall be forgiven. Jones says that I don't deserve to be; but Jones is always very hard on me.

As soon as we were seated, an official, who wore a light moustache and a comfortable-looking Norfolk jacket, came forward with a slip of paper, which he said was an indictment, and observing that it was number fifteen, went back to the door, opened it, and called Maria Daly. We each of us had a little printed paper in front of us, which proved to be a list of the prisoners to be tried and of the offences which they were believed to have committed. On referring to number fifteen, we found that Maria Daly had been robbed by two boys of a silver watch and a bottle of whisky. Maria appeared, and stood by the gentleman in the Norfolk jacket. Then came an awkward pause. The witness was ready to be examined; but Mr. Peewit held his peace. So the official came to the rescue.

"Tell the gentlemen what you know," said he; whereupon the flood-gates of Maria Daly's eloquence were opened, and forth came a torrent of words. Somebody ventured to ask a question; and then, liking the sound of his own voice, asked another. Of course, he could not be allowed to have it all to himself; so first one, and then another, fired off a question, until, presently, even Mr. Peewit ventured on a mild interrogation. This may be thought rather a bold assertion on my part; but I beg to say that I was sitting next to him, and heard him distinctly. I don't say that the witness took the trouble to answer him. I am trying to tell the simple truth, without exaggeration, and I scorn to tell a falsehood—especially when I know that it will not be believed.

The first few cases were very plain sailing. We were anxious to show what we could do, but there was no opportunity. We had to say "True Bill" every time. One old gentleman, who had a deep bass voice, enlivened the proceedings by asking the police, at short intervals, if they were sure they had got the right man. In spite of the intense irritation which this question caused, it was evident that the whole affair was becoming tame and monotonous. Presently, however, we got our chance. A man was accused of theft; and the evidence against him, although strong, was purely circumstantial. This was our opportunity, and we revelled in it. *Prima facie*, indeed! None of your *prima facie* cases for us. This was a case that required a thorough investigation, and we were determined to get to the bottom of it. So at it we went, hammer and tongs. We asked the most irrelevant questions—sometimes singly, sometimes three or four together—until the witnesses were fairly bothered. Oh, it was a splendid trial!

At last a chance question of mine elicited the fact that the prisoner had confessed his guilt to one of the witnesses. I did feel small! It seemed to me that I was always spoiling sport. I did not see how we could possibly keep it up any longer after hearing of the prisoner's confession. But I was reckoning without my Grand Juror.

"I suppose the prisoner said that in fun," was the prompt suggestion from a grey-haired man on my right. I looked with admiration and gratitude at the speaker. In my opinion he was quite the Grandest Juror I had ever encountered. At that moment a deep bass voice came booming from the left-hand corner of the room:

"Are you sure you have got the right man?"

That question came in the nick of time. We set to work again just as if the prisoner had never confessed at all, and in five minutes more the case was worked up into a state of magnificent doubt and confusion. At this propitious moment I suggested to Mr. Peewit that we should put it to the vote. He did so, and I am proud to say we threw out the bill by a triumphant majority. Peewit and I both voted for throwing it out. Peewit was really becoming a capital foreman; he always did just what I asked him. After this naturally a strong reaction set in. We quieted down, and polished off the remaining cases in no time. Of course we found "True Bills" in every one of them. Indeed, it would have required a remarkably innocent man now to have escaped our unhesitating and unanimous verdict.

We all of us signed a paper, and then marched back into court, headed by Mr. Peewit, who now assumed a very dignified and confident manner. I was in excellent spirits, for our work was done, and I was thinking of that guinea that Jones had told me about.

As we made our way into court, I heard a voice say in a tone of great respect, "The Grand Jury, my Lord"; whereupon all other voices ceased, and there was a great hush. Mr. Peewit handed in the paper which we had signed, and Lord Maple, turning towards him with an affable smile, said, "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, you are discharged, and the country is indebted to you for your services."

"That's all—you can go," said a voice at my elbow.

"That's all? Well; but—the guinea? What? No guinea! Nothing at all? Well; of all the shabby affairs!"

"Silence in court!"

I told Jones that evening that he had made a mistake about the guinea.

"Not a bit of it," he said. "Don't you see, old chap, it's on a sliding scale. They pay you according to the value of your services. It was all right: your services were worth."

"What?" I asked.

Jones laughed. "Nothing whatever," said he.

Mr. William Rann Kennedy, Q.C., of the Northern Circuit, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in succession to the late Mr. John Shapter, Q.C.

An amateur dramatic performance by the Old Boys of King's College School, in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital and King's College School East-End Mission, will be given on Feb. 2 at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, when Mr. W. S. Gilbert's play "Engaged" will be performed. The charities are urgently in need of funds.

At the annual meeting of the Committee of the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund, held on Jan. 19, and presided over by the chief clerk of the House of Lords, the honorary secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin, reported that during the past year the fund had been able to endow the life-boat "Civil Service No. 5," stationed at Maryport, in Cumberland, and presented by it to the National Institution in 1886, and also to pay for the slipway which had been erected at that station for the use of the life-boat. It was decided to issue an earnest appeal to the Civil Service for funds to present a sixth life-boat to the institution, which at the present time is greatly in need of pecuniary aid for the building of new boats possessing the latest improvements.

BOAR-SPEARING IN MOROCCO.

Our Artist's drawing represents a scene familiar to the sporting community of Tangier, and also to officers of the Gibraltar garrison, who on the plains of Awara can revive the memories of old Deccan days, and of pig-sticking in India. Sir John Drummond Hay, the late English Minister, was a keen sportsman, and under his auspices a sporting club was formed composed of the foreign diplomatic and consular officials, who arranged periodical meets at different localities within fifteen or twenty miles of the town. Mr. Kirby Green, the present Minister, keeps up the time-honoured Tangier chase; and these boar-hunts are generally well attended. Of late years, during the winter and spring months, tourists have commenced to flock to Morocco, attracted by its delicious climate, its lovely scenery, and its sport; besides which several Europeans, not occupying any official position, have lately become habitual residents. As the hunts often last several days, those desiring to join send out their tents and horses; a regular encampment is formed at the rendezvous, and beaters are engaged amongst the Moorish peasantry to drive the boars from the covers into the open plains. The Morocco horses, the "barbs," are strong, sure-footed, and serviceable, with much staying power, and better adapted to the country than pure Arabs. Louis XIV. sent the Moorish Sultan a few Normandy mares, a cross with which produced a more stalwart breed. The race of pure Arabs in the province of Abda has declined; but high-class horses can be bought at from £60 to £200 in the south. Ordinary barbs, fit for boar-hunting, are sold in Tangier at £15 or £20.

Several years ago his Shereefian Majesty made over one of his own hunting-grounds, situated a few miles from the town, to the members of the diplomatic body, to be used as a preserve by them. It is here that the best meets take place, which, however, non-official residents are invited to attend, and notice is sent to the Gibraltar garrison a week before.

Camping out in Morocco, in search of sport, presents many advantages compared with the same kind of life in India, where the tremendous heat tends to paralyse the efforts of the most energetic; for, when the thermometer stands at 95 deg. in the shade, the enthusiasm of the most ardent sportsman can rarely be maintained. On the northern coast of Morocco, however, the climate is much more enjoyable, as, from mid-winter to the beginning of June, the temperature varies from that of an English April to that of a warm English May. The atmosphere is, at the same time, exhilarating and balmy; and the sky, though bright and sunny, forebodes no danger of sunstroke.

With the exception of wild boar, large game does not exist along the northern and north-western coasts; but there are abundance of partridges (a large red-legged species), wild duck, teal, and snipe; there are also bustard, and a dwarf variety of the same bird, called by the Arabs "bougerat," besides woodcock, quail, plover, francolin, hares, and rabbits. In the interior, gazelles are, in some places, plentiful; occasionally, panthers and lions are found in the southern parts of the empire; and in the Atlas ranges, a species of goat is common, called by the Arabs the "audat," and known to the French as "mouflons à manchette." The ornithologist also finds a fertile field in Morocco for the collection of natural history specimens. In particular, there are many rare species of aquatic birds to be found in various places—chiefly along the banks of some rivers, and at a lake twenty miles south of Larache, which is a sea-port two days' ride from Tangier.

The English traveller of good position in Morocco will find the natives not at all ill-disposed, though they view with no friendly eye the petty trader from Europe, or the Consular Jewish protégé. It is well for those desiring to cultivate good relations with the native inhabitants to remember that Mohammedans, particularly the ignorant and fanatical, have strong prejudices. The stranger from Europe must not think of entering their mosques, or even the schools, where, through the open doorway, crowds of young Moslems may be seen, squatting, cross-legged, as they repeat by rote passages from the Koran. In the cities the European should always be accompanied by a soldier, who is a sufficient guarantee against molestation.

The best time for visiting Morocco in search of sport is naturally during the autumn and winter; but the early summer is the most enjoyable period for travelling merely as an excursionist, or to visit the large cities of the interior. Tents and baggage are transported on mules and horses, waggons or wheeled conveyances of any kind being unknown. There are attached to the different hotels in Tangier men who contract to supply the traveller with tents, baggage animals, servants, and food (not including wine) for £1 or £1 5s. a day; and perhaps an arrangement of this kind is the most satisfactory and the least expensive. Travelling in the country is perfectly safe, so long as the party is accompanied by a soldier of the Sultan, as before mentioned; but the presence of this functionary is requisite, as otherwise the native Government is not held responsible for the life or property of foreigners journeying beyond a few miles from the town.

The steamers running from London to Gibraltar take five days and the passage costs about £9. From Gibraltar, there are steamers nearly every day to Tangier, only twenty-eight miles distant. Telegraphic communication is now established with Spain; and there is a regular postal delivery. In fact, the Moorish Empire is becoming more and more accessible; and we may possibly soon hear of roads being constructed, and even of a railway to Fez. With improved facilities of travelling in the interior, Morocco will become a favourite resort.

Mr. H. W. Lee, of the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, has been appointed High Bailiff of the city of Westminster, in succession to Sir W. J. Farrer, who has resigned.

Mr. R. M. Holborn, of Highbury-crescent, has sent to the Clerkenwell Vestry £300 towards the building fund of the projected Clerkenwell Free Library.

A deputation from the parish of St. Pancras waited upon the Charity Commissioners on Jan. 19, and presented a memorial on behalf of free libraries for the parish. Professor H. Morley introduced the deputation, and stated that they hoped to raise £20,000, and if so, would ask the Commissioners to give £10,000 further. The Vicar of St. Pancras, Mr. J. A. Picton, M.P., and others having spoken, Mr. Anstey, Q.C., promised that full consideration to their prayer should be given by the Commissioners.

The marriage of Captain Gerard Thomas Noel, 68th Durham Light Infantry, eldest son of the Hon. Henry L. Noel, and Edith Mary, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Byron, took place, on Jan. 19, in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square. A large muster of relatives and personal friends were present. Captain Kenyon Slaney, 68th Regiment, was the bridegroom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Katharine Byron, sister of the bride; Miss Arabella Noel, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Emilia Noel, Miss Amy Maitland Wilson, Miss Audrey Kindersley, Miss Buxton, and Miss Evelyn Arbuthnot. The bride arrived at two o'clock, accompanied by her father, who gave her away.



PIG-STICKING IN MOROCCO.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

NOVELS.

Ismay's Children. By the author of "Hogan, M.P.," "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor," and "The Hon. Miss Ferrars." Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—Irish life, with the phases of social uneasiness which have been painfully forced on our attention by recent agrarian and political agitation, has lately become the ground of works of fiction ranking high in literary merit, and entirely free from the partisanship that would offend unprejudiced readers. Miss Laffan, the writer of this admirably constructed, genial, wholesome, and very interesting story, has already won no small amount of public favour as a novelist; but the merits of her new tale are such as to deserve more. The characters are not only distinct, original, and lifelike, but some of them are extremely engaging; more especially those of Marion, Godfrey, and Gertrude Mauleverer, the three "children" of "Ismay," who does not herself appear as a person still living at the time. Their father, the late Godfrey Mauleverer, had contracted a Scotch marriage with Miss Ismay D'Arcy, and had neglected to procure legal attestation of the fact. He had lived abroad with his family until his sudden death, following that of their mother, left them penniless under the care of an old Miss D'Arcy, Ismay's aunt, by whom they were brought up in her queer house at Barretstown, with very poor prospects and no advantages of education. They are supposed by the world in general to be illegitimate children, and so Godfrey is kept out of an estate of £7000 a year, which had belonged to his grandfather, and which goes to the next legal heir, Mr. Tighe O'Malley. The missing clue that would enable Godfrey's inheritance to be recovered is the name of a place in Scotland, where his father and mother were married by a sufficient declaration before witnesses. This name—"Airds West"—had once been communicated to old Miss D'Arcy; but she had suffered a paralytic shock and lost the memory of it, without which no claim on behalf of "Ismay's children" could be made out. Her only useful counsellor, and the wise, kind, energetic protector of the whole family, is the worthy and faithful parish priest, Father Paul Conroy, a distant kinsman of Miss D'Arcy, one of the best Irish characters ever met with in romance or in reality. He is rough in manner, even boisterous and high-handed among the peasantry, but courteous and gentle to women, tenderly affectionate, bold, frank, and honest. The eldest of the three young persons is about eighteen years of age when the proper action of the story begins. Mr. Tighe O'Malley and his wife, Lady Blanche, are entertaining visitors at the neighbouring castle, one of whom is a young English gentleman, Mr. Chichele Ansdale, heir to a peerage. He accidentally sees Marion, and is at once in love with her; contrives or happens to meet her again and again, and soon wins her heart, in spite of the disapprobation of his sister, Mrs. Courthope, whose little devices to get him out of the way of such an entanglement are highly amusing. The habits and conversation of the English ladies and gentlemen, their feelings of droll surprise, as strangers in Ireland, and of utter unacquaintance with the country and the ways of the people, are well set off by the lax and easy temperament of their host, a thoroughly good-natured, pleasant, careless Irish landlord, who despairs of improving himself or anybody else. Much light is thrown on the condition of the small farmers and labourers. The precarious condition of the former is shown to be due, in many cases, to baneful customs and practices for which the landlords are scarcely responsible; and the situation of the Ahearne family, with the comments made upon it, conveys more real instruction than half the speeches in Parliament on the Irish Land Question. A frequent cause of failure on the part of such feeble agricultural tenants would seem to be the custom of bestowing large sums of money on the marriage portions of their daughters; while the borrowing of money to purchase leases or holdings, in severe competition with each other, for the establishment of sons, who may be idle and reckless, looking out for other girls with money, eventually drags the parents down into abject poverty. The scenes at the Lambert's Castle farm, in this story, and at the shop of sly Peter Quin, the crafty "gombeen man" or village usurer, who has thousands at the bank, and who gets the Ahearnes into his clutches, are described with all the force of reality, and seem partly to account for the squalid wretchedness of a lower class, the broken-down labourers, paupers, and beggars, whose degradation is compassionately related. It is, however, to the figures of the Mauleverer boy and girls, and of the poor old infirm lady, their "Aunt Juliet," who maintains them, on a very scanty income, in the rickety and untidy household on the river's bank, that the reader's sympathies will be most powerfully attracted. Both the sisters are charming, high-spirited, pure-hearted, and lovable; the younger, Gertrude, still a child, is a delightful piece of innocent wildness and wilfulness. Godfrey is unhappily led into joining the Fenian conspirators, whose secret conclaves and midnight drillings, attended by farmers' sons and by desperate starving labourers, are watched by the police. The sub-inspector, Mr. Lethbridge, and Captain Marchmont, the landlord's agent, have an eye on this foolish lad. He has time, indeed, to save O'Malley's life, by warning him against an assassination plot; but is compelled to fly the country, and is accidentally drowned just when the legitimacy of his birth, and his title to the estate, is about to be proved—the old lady, about to die, having recollected "Airds West," and Father Paul having found in Scotland the witnesses to Ismay's marriage. Marion becomes the happy wife of her English lover, and Gertrude the adopted child of Lady Blanche O'Malley. Shadow and sunshine, flitting across the Irish sky, make the varying lights and hues of this pleasing story.

Paul Patoff. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—In this romance, the latest work of a favourite writer, the conception of the hero being a man of strong character, and of honourable conduct, severely afflicted by a most horrible false suspicion, is powerfully developed; and the originality of the plot will command attention. Paul Patoff, who is of half-Russian, half-English parentage, is second secretary of legation in the Russian Embassy at Constantinople. His brother, Alexander or Alexis, a spoiled young man of singular grace and beauty, an officer of the Imperial Guards, is the idol of their mother, who has become affected by a persistent form of insanity, causing her to hate Paul, and to entertain the wildest delusions and impulses of malignant passion regarding her unhappy younger son. Paul steels his heart against this unnatural treatment, but observes due respect towards his mother, and receives Alexander with kindness when he visits Constantinople. They go to the Mosque of St. Sophia, to see the Mohammedan religious ceremony on the last night of Ramazan. Alexander slips out of the gallery unperceived, and is lost in the crowd. Search and inquiry, promoted by the Russian Ambassador and the Turkish police authorities, fail to discover any clue to his fate. There is a rumour in the city that he may probably have been made away with by some contrivance of Paul, who would inherit wealth in case of his death. Paul, after diligent endeavours to find out what has become of his brother, is advised to leave Constantinople for a twelvemonth. He seeks Madame Patoff, who is sojourning in the Black Forest of Wurtemberg, attended by an English physician, Dr. Cutter, a learned professor of the science of

mental diseases. She has heard of the death of her favourite son, and repels Paul from her presence, declaring that he is the murderer of Alexis. Falling over the rock below the balcony of the hotel at Weissenstein, she is rescued by Cutter with the aid of Paul Griggs, an American traveller, who relates the story from this point, being actively engaged in the after transactions. He comes in the winter to England, as the guest of his friend Mr. John Carvel, whose wife happens to be Madame Patoff's sister. The other visitors at Mr. Carvel's country-house are Dr. Cutter and Paul Patoff, with whom Mr. Carvel's son, being in the diplomatic service, has formed acquaintance in Paris. Hermione, the charming daughter of their host, is captivated by the manliness and high accomplishments of her cousin Paul, who entertains a deep affection for her, and they presently become engaged to each other. There is a mystery about the household, and Dr. Cutter's presence in it, until Griggs is informed that the insane lady has been brought there, and is kept in strict seclusion, in a suite of rooms apart from the rest of the family. Dr. Cutter, recognising Griggs as the stranger who helped to save her life, thinks her memory could possibly be restored by her seeing him and hearing him speak. Griggs is able to speak the Russian language, and he converses with her so beneficially that she appears, for some time, almost cured, and is allowed to join the family circle. There is now the less anxiety felt on her account, since Griggs, having witnessed her fall over the rock, assures Dr. Cutter that it was accidental, not an attempted suicide. But Hermione learns the dreadful accusation that has been raised against her lover, and finds that her aunt, Madame Patoff, still believes in it and denounces the idea of Hermione being engaged to him. Paul, whose feelings may be imagined, though none of the Carvels think him guilty, swears that he will instantly return to Constantinople and obtain proof of the real fate of his lost brother, or will else give up his claim to his cousin's hand. Griggs, knowing the Turkish capital even better than Paul, and relying on the assistance of a very clever friend there, Balsamides Bey, generously accompanies the distressed Paul Patoff in this desperate quest. The middle of the story leads thus to a most interesting course of actions, in which the bold and crafty Greek, an adjutant of the Sultan's staff, knowing all the villainy of Stamboul, and knowing how to manage everybody, exerts all his detective ingenuity and ventures on perilous practices to achieve the object. A watch that belonged to the missing Russian is found at the bazaar, taken there for sale by a black eunuch, Selim, who serves an eccentric old Turkish lady, Laleli Khanum, rich, ugly, and wicked, living at Yeni-Koi. It is remembered that Alexander Patoff, just before his disappearance, foolishly accosted a thickly veiled lady unknown, and that her negro attendant threatened to chastise him with a cane. The lady, having her face covered, was not to be recognised, and Alexander had of course fancied her to be young and pretty; but it now occurs to the astute Balsamides that she was probably Laleli, and that she had caused the impertinent young man to be killed or kidnapped for her revenge. As she is under the displeasure of the Sultan's Government for sharing in a political conspiracy, he procures a warrant for privately arresting her; but, hearing that she is very ill, he resorts to an audacious device for gaining an interview with her. Disguising himself as the Court physician, and pretending to be sent by the Sultan to give her medical relief, he is admitted into her house, taking with him Griggs in the disguise of a Turkish staff officer. The Khanum is dying, and is suffering tortures of pain, which Balsamides assuages, for a few minutes, by injecting morphine beneath the skin of her hand. He tells her that this is a kind of magic, and warns her that the dose cannot be repeated unless she purifies her soul by confessing some of her wicked deeds. He demands to know the truth about the lost Russian gentleman; and she, at length, terrified by his showing the Sultan's warrant, admits her part in the affair, but can only say that the man is still alive, before she dies in the presence of the mock-physician. Balsamides and Griggs then carry off the negro, and by putting him in deadly fear compel him to guide them to the place where Alexander Patoff has lain imprisoned during eighteen months, in a cell adjacent to the Khanum's garden. They bring the released captive to the city, and Paul's character is entirely vindicated to the satisfaction of society in Pera; but Alexander shows little gratitude, being a vain selfish egotist, and his behaviour soon afterwards is extremely dishonourable. The Carvel family, desiring a pleasure tour, come to see Constantinople, bringing with them Madame Patoff, who wants to see the son she had supposed to be dead; and Dr. Cutter arrives with them on this tour. Hermione's constancy to Paul is assailed by the suit which is now addressed to her by his fascinating brother; the rivalry of their pretensions is observed, and their mother, whose ruling passion is to gratify her favourite son in all things, entertains a fresh hatred of Paul, and relapses into a madness worse than before. The others of the party neglect due precautions; and, in an excursion up the Bosphorus, Paul narrowly escapes being pushed off a cliff by his insane mother; finally, at the festal illumination of a garden-house, when the wooden building takes fire, she locks the door, thinking Paul is inside, endangering the life of Balsamides, whom Paul delivers by a signal act of courage. Alexander, upon this occasion, betrays his selfishness and cowardice to the disgust of Hermione, who no longer hesitates to confirm her engagement to Paul. His mother is at last sent to a lunatic asylum; and the only person disappointed for whom we need care is the wise Dr. Cutter, whose skill in morbid psychology had been much in fault. Paul Patoff is a fine fellow, and his story is the best of Mr. Marion Crawford's that we have read.

Mr. R. D. Mason, C.B., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, has been awarded a good-service pension of £100 a year.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Major-General Lyttelton-Annesley to command the military forces in Scotland. He will take up the duties of the post on Feb. 23 from Major-General Elliot, who will be put on retired pay.

The command of the Royal yacht Osborne, vacant by the promotion of the Hon. Assheton Curzon-Howe, has been given to the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, at present serving on the Mediterranean Station in the sloop Dolphin.

The Lord Chancellor has acceded to the invitation of Mr. W. Busbridge to deliver to the students of the metropolitan drawing classes the Queen's prizes awarded by the Science and Art Department. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 31, at the Guildhall.

An influential deputation from South London waited on the Charity Commissioners, and urged that a due share of the funds of the City charities now being administered under the Act of 1883 should be appropriated for the benefit of that part of the metropolis. It was suggested that £150,000 should be granted, by which, with local help, it was hoped to establish institutions for promoting technical instruction, secondary education, science and art teaching, and social and physical recreation. On behalf of the Commissioners it was pointed out that before appropriating public money they must have reasonable security that the thing would be a success.

A SEASONABLE STORY.

Though fashions change, and all manner of inventions alter the face of the earth, two things that do not change keep many a good old custom alive. These two things are children and the seasons. So just now, in this January weather, though printed books and excursion-trains provide new amusement for the middle-aged many, yet in the long winter evening the little children gather round the fire, and call for their fairy story, just as a thousand years ago they called: and very often the same old story comes.

Æsop, the mythical Æsop, is still the children's poet. It is the wonderful animals who talk—from the old Lion and the Mouse to their last successor, Alice's White Rabbit—that first awake the bright imagination, with fancy pictures in the firelight, near bedtime on a winter's evening.

And the most famous animal that ever spoke is the hero of that immense story whose hundred thousand verses filled the long night of the Dark Ages—or, shall I say, of those ages when the light was struggling to break forth again, after the gloom of midnight. This was the Ulysses of satire, Reynard the Fox: the great mediæval type of unscrupulous, triumphant cunning.

Throughout the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth centuries, a series of known and unknown poets, improvisatori, satirists of every class, wrote and sang in doggerel rhyme the Iliad and Odyssey of his adventures: in monkish Latin, in German, in Flemish, and most of all in French. M. Lenient, a chronicler of French satire, reckons up 118,000 lines in the eight great poems into which the Reynard-cycle is divided. The four primitive poems of "Reinardus Vulpes," in Latin; the "Reinecke Fuchs," in German; "Reinaert," in Flemish; and "Renart," in French, contain, respectively, 6600, 2266, 6884, and 10,150 lines: good provision for many and many a winter night!

The fox as a hero—it meant a great deal, this. It meant the fall of feudalism, the rise of the bourgeoisie. It meant, in the constant success of its hero, the triumph of long-headed, ignoble thought over brute force, and bravery, and chivalry. It meant scepticism, sharp practice, individualism, immorality; it left out of account or laughed at poetry, knight-errantry, mysticism, loyalty; it showed, in fact, all the worse, the seamy side of the victors in the coming conflict of classes and principles. Satire though it were, yet the principal figure was in truth the hero, the authors plainly wished him success: if vice was shown to be vice, it was yet shown triumphant, and singer and hearers chuckled at its triumph.

The scene was the Court of King Lion; the *dramatis personæ* were mainly those of Æsop and of Lafontaine; but each represented some type of character—and every type was vicious or ridiculous. The most sacred beliefs of the age, its tenderest sentiments, were turned into burlesque with perfect freedom and daring: yet the priests seem to have stood by when their pilgrimages and miracles were parodied; the knights did not strike a blow at these mockers of love, of ordeal by combat, of the Crusades themselves! Indeed, at least one Abbot *a mis son estude et s'entente* to add a new chapter to the History of Reynard. Perhaps the most daring of these satires is the chronicle of the canonisation of Pinte—a hen which was killed by Reynard, and was proclaimed a saint and martyr. Many miracles were performed at her shrine; and none could doubt their authenticity, for Roonel the Dog bore witness to them!

The first great enemy and rival of the Fox was, of course, the Wolf. His name was Ysengrin; he was, I take it, a knight, living for the most part alone in his gloomy tower. The exact opposite of the subtle, ready, cowardly Reynard, Ysengrin is violent, brutal, and gluttonous: a clumsy courtier, and a husband none too fortunate in his light o' love wife—Hersent, the She-Wolf.

Noble, the Lion, retains a little of the majesty which Æsop has given him (and which all the realistic writers of natural history have not been quite able to destroy), but he is stupid, completely egoistic, absorbed in his own importance, ever violent in threat, but always easily cajoled.

Bruin, the Bear, is the King's chief counsellor, sullen and grave and greedy; Bernard, the Donkey, is his Archbishop, and the popular orator of the Court, in spite of his pompous platitudes and his blunders. Brichemer, the Stag, though the laughing stock of the Court, is also its chief Judge, and famous for his eloquence. Only Tybert, the Cat, is at all fitted to compete with the Fox in cunning and address.

Most of these are Reynard's enemies (and generally not without cause); but he has a few partisans—his uncle, Grimbert, the Badger, a dry, worldly-wise old fellow, very indulgent for human frailties, and chiefly anxious to make friends on both sides. He is a constant flatterer of Noble, and acts as father-confessor to Reynard, who finds him always ready to grant absolution. Then lawyer Cointerious, the Monkey, admires and resembles Reynard too highly not to be on his side; as is, of course, the Fox's aunt, Madame Gilhe (or Rakenau), the She-Ape, a cunning, vile, and voluble old lady.

The main story of the original poem is the long struggle between Reynard and Ysengrin, the Fox and the Wolf, cunning and brute force, of which the first cause was the jealousy—by no means without foundation—of Dame Hersent's savage husband. The rivals sometimes pretend to be on friendly terms, but the friendship is generally disastrous to one of them—and that one is not Maître Renard! Once, for example, they go fishing together in the winter; the Fox persuades the Wolf to keep his tail in the water without moving—it is soon a fixture in the ice, and when the peasants come with their dogs, the Wolf has to escape leaving his tail behind him!

At length, however, the quarrel results in a grand duel—an ordeal by combat—before the assembled Court. Ysengrin is eager and furious; Reynard, calm and collected. His aunt, Gilhe, has advised the Fox to have himself entirely shaved and oiled, so that Ysengrin cannot hold him; and by constantly running away, and blinding him with dust, he at last tires out his enemy—and is on the point of being proclaimed the victor, when he unluckily lets his paw slip into the mouth of his prostrate foe. The Wolf bites so savagely that Reynard faints from the pain; and it is held that Heaven's judgment has condemned him, so he is sentenced to be hanged. However, a monk begs him off, and takes him to the monastery, where his piety much edifies the brethren.

After a time he returns home, like Ulysses, to his castle of Malpertuis ("Wretched Hole"); but he does not find his Hermeline as constant as Penelope. She is about to be married again, to Poincet, the young Badger, a cousin of Reynard, who, however, easily gets rid of his rival. Soon King Lion declares war against the Fox, and lays siege to Malpertuis; but Reynard's long and adroit resistance wearies out the King, who is at length glad to make peace. The Fox is triumphant and honoured, the King's right-hand—and, indeed, in the later poems, becomes King himself. A curious end for the simple parables of Æsop, the quaint fancy of early folklore; a story, seasonable only for the long night of that gloomy age, in whose darkness so wild a dawn was brooding! E. R.